CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 52

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WATCHING OUT THE CENTURY IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD

SEE POEM ON PAGE 1083

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 23

1. Can a man be a sincere Christian and belong to a trust or monopoly?
2. Can the argument, that a Christian is a citizen of heaven, and therefore ought not to mingle in the politics of this world to any extent, be supported from the Bible?
3. Is the phrase "a broken heart," wholly figurative?
4. Can a modern church succeed without music?
5. How should a person proceed who having no church affiliation desires to engage in humanitarian work?

Questions of the Week

1. What are the statistics that prove that the world is growing better morally, or worse?

It would be difficult to find statistics that would prove either the one or the other. Even criminal statistics, which would be more pertinent than any other, cannot be regarded as proving that the world's moral condition is improving or deteriorating. The fact, for example, that there are a larger number of persons in prison in one year compared with those ten years previously, might serve to show either that there was more crime or that there was greater activity in detecting and punishing crime. I would prefer to take a broader view to ascertain whether the world is getting better or worse. It is in great movements and in the disposition of the people that I would look for indications. It appears to me that the charitable movements of the time, the effort to alleviate suffering, is such an indication. The number of hospitals, asylums, homes that have been erected during the past century, surely indicate that there is more compassion, more sympathy and brotherhood than ever before. More thought and effort are being spent in alleviating misery, as witness the societies, such as the Red Cross, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Humane Society and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc. The special efforts to mitigate the suffering from calamities is another indication of a better time. In the Johnstown flood, in the earthquake at Charleston, and the great famines in Russia and India, there were manifestations of charity such as the world never witnessed before. Public opinion also furnishes an indication. The world's conscience is quicker than of yore. It demands cleanliness of life in public men, and it is prompt to condemn on abstract principles of right and wrong the wrong-doing of a man or a nation. Yes, the world is getting better morally, but I doubt whether the fact could be proved by statistics.

ROBERT WYNN.

2. Name some metaphors used in the Bible for national decadence?

A perpetual sleep (Jer. 51: 57); a fallen tree (Ezek. 31: 12, 13); a dead dragon (Ezek. 29: 3, 5); dry bones (Ezek. 37: 2-11); broken branches (Jer. 11: 16); a speckled bird (Jer. 12: 9); a marred girdle (Jer. 13: 10); a trodden-down vineyard (Jer. 12: 10, 11); a lost sheep (Jer. 50: 6); a marred potter's vessel (Jer. 18: 1-12); dross (Ezek. 22: 18, 19); scum (Ezek. 24: 6); evil figs (Jer. 24: 3-8); a widow (Lam. 1: 1); gold become dim (Lam. 4: 1); wall with untempered mortar (Ezek. 13: 10-15); a hot oven (Hos. 7: 4-7); morning clouds and early dew (Hos. 6: 4); a silly dove (Hos. 7: 11); a deceitful bow (Hos. 7: 16); an empty vine (Ezek. 10: 1; 19: 10-13).

J. MUDGE.

3. Why should old people who are in good health sit idly by merely because they are old, and not do anything for the Lord, while all around them are sin and wickedness?

The mental and physical strength being well preserved, there is no reason whatever, either scriptural or human. We are plainly told that "He that will not work neither shall he eat." And though in some instances they may be justified in resting in a measure from manual labor, yet how much good work may be accomplished by the aged man or woman for the Master. By the counsel and benefits of their experience during the voyage of life—teaching lessons of warning to younger mariners of the quicksands of temptations, and shoals of doubt to be avoided—and by influence of their patient pious example. We have no record of any idle time being spent by our Lord, and when he announces that "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also," surely none but ingrates would be willing to sit idly by and dream the precious hours of life away whilst the Divine purchaser of our unworthy redemption is thus busily engaged.

MARY READ CHATTERSON.

4. Do Christ's words (Matt. 9: 15) about men fasting "when the bridegroom is taken from them" refer to our days and imply the duty of fasting?

Fasting indicated grief, unsatisfied desire, longing after a happier state. According to Zechariah 8: 19, when the Messiah came the Jewish fasts should be changed into "cheerful feasts." So, says Christ, shall this be true while I am with you; but when I withdraw my visible presence it will cause mourning among my disciples; for a time they will experience such grief as causes men to fast. There is no command in the words "they will fast," but simply the announcement of a future event. The Roman Catholic Church errs in making this her authority for meritorious fasts. "When the true Christian observes a fast, he is influenced by some sorrow of the heart, not by a mere mechanical rule."

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. What are the originals of "Mrs. Grundy" and "Mother Goose"?

"Mrs. Grundy" is a person frequently referred to in the comedy, "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton, 1798. Dame Ashfield, a farmer's wife in the play, is constantly solicitous as to "what Mrs. Grundy will say" in any and every possible event. The interrogation soon acquired a proverbial currency, and "Mrs. Grundy" came to mean "the world." "Mother Goose" was a real personage, belonging to a wealthy Boston family. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married in 1715, by Cotton Mather, to a printer named Thomas Fleet. When their first child was born, "Mother Goose," the grandmother, spent her whole time in the nursery, pouring forth songs and ditties—some new, some old. The singing of the old lady greatly annoyed the whole street and especially quiet-loving Thomas Fleet. But, being a shrewd man, he conceived the idea of gathering together "Mother Goose's" melodies and others like them, and publishing them for the entertainment of the world.

G. E. KRAUTH.

Correct answers have also been received from Glenn B. Walker, Edith C. Robinson, Caroline Schneider, Amelia Hoyt, Susan E. Collier, W. Penn, Nellie M. Cummings, Harvey H. Eaton, Belle Taylor, F. L. Sawyer, C. R. Russell, and Floy Craig.

A HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL AT VAN, ARMENIA

In a letter from Dr. G. C. Raynolds, of the American Mission at Van, Armenia, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a most interesting picture is enclosed, which we reproduce on this page. It shows a harvest-home festival at Zuvastan, a small village near Van. Of this pretty observance, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Ussher, of the American Mission, writes: "Then each boy carried a sickle or a bundle of grain, while some wore hats they had braided from straw, and still others sported more fantastic wreaths of wheat heads. At lunch time we were ushered into a pavilion under the trees, spread with cushions and separated from the rest of the orchard by festoons of fruit and flowers and grain. After lunch, the boys indulged in one of their favorite amusements, a frolic to the accompaniment of a shrill fife and drum."

6. When a party or organization that has encouraged corruption in a city undertakes the work of reform, ought Christians to help them or act independently?

Independently, by all means. When a party has been notoriously corrupt, promises of amendment, given probably under stress and in the fear of popular indignation, should not be believed or accepted. Public plunderers are not so converted, and their professions of future virtue strongly recall the old couplet about the devil wishing to become a monk when he was sick, but returning to his old diabolical ways the moment he recovered. There is not a well-authenticated instance on record of a corrupt party's absolute reformation. The real test of the sincerity of the reform professions of a bad organization would be its willingness to step down and give place to men of unblemished record, who have the public confidence. If a thief is converted, he immediately feels that he must make restitution. Similarly, if a corrupt party becomes reformed, being unable to give guarantees for its future integrity, let it show the genuineness of the change by relinquishing its hold and dropping into the background.

CHARLES E. DENSMORE.

7. Was Christmas ever a Fast Day?

Christmas has never been regarded as an actual Fast Day. Ever since 125 A. D. it has become a universal festival. Puritanism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rejected it as irreligious, and it has been regarded by some as being observed by them as a fast day, but it is not authoritatively confirmed.

L. W. BROOKE.

8. When a husband or wife is converted after marriage, and the other partner persecutes and harasses the Christian, and makes continued association a misery, is the Christian justified in obtaining a separation or divorce?

A separation or divorce should be the last resort, after prayer and persuasion and patient endurance have been exhausted. A true Christian will so live that "they of the contrary part" will be ashamed, seeing their good works. The opposition of the other partner may never lead to serious results, it may only be a source of annoyance, and perhaps pain, which Christian grace will help one to endure, and if it can be endured, it should be. But there may be cases in which a continuance together is productive of great evil. The conduct of the non-Christian may be such as to influence the children of the household to great and permanent evil. For their sakes a separation might be advisable if it secures their being placed under the exclusive care of the Christian.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

9. Why does a fibre, when wet, lengthen, while a rope, when wet, contracts?

Fibre and organic substances generally increase in bulk and length by absorbing moisture. But, curiously enough, when several fibres are twisted together the increase in bulk tends to force the fibres apart and untwist them and in this way cause the cord or rope which they form to shorten. So it comes about that a rope, like a clothesline, in getting wet expands laterally, partially untwists and shortens; while in dry weather the fibres contract, the twist tightens, and the rope lengthens. Since a single fibre or a hair expands both in width and length by absorbing moisture, the changes in length can be used to measure the amount of dampness of the air and is thus used in hygrometers of the Saussure type. The power exerted by these processes is not equal to that of chemical action, but it is very considerable and sometimes produces surprising results.

F. L. SAWYER.

10. What is the best course for a pastor to take when a few of his people become dissatisfied with his services? Should he ask them to withdraw, or should he resign?

If the few are dissatisfied without good reason the pastor ought not to resign. To pander to the whims, or prejudices, or dislikes of a few in a congregation is to court unrest for both pastor and people. If there is anything wrong in the pastor's doctrine or life calculated seriously to hinder his influence and success, let the matter be investigated, and if the evil cannot be cured, let him withdraw. But all ministers cannot be paragons of ability and excellence. If they are earnest and faithful they ought to be sustained and encouraged. The trouble usually comes from one or two men in the congregation who think they should rule everybody, the minister included. In such a case the people ought to stand by the minister, and let the troublers know they had better find a more congenial church home.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Mrs. W. A. W., Ludlow, Vt. It is all business which could be just as satisfactorily done on the day before, and thus not being a work of necessity is a violation of the Sabbath.

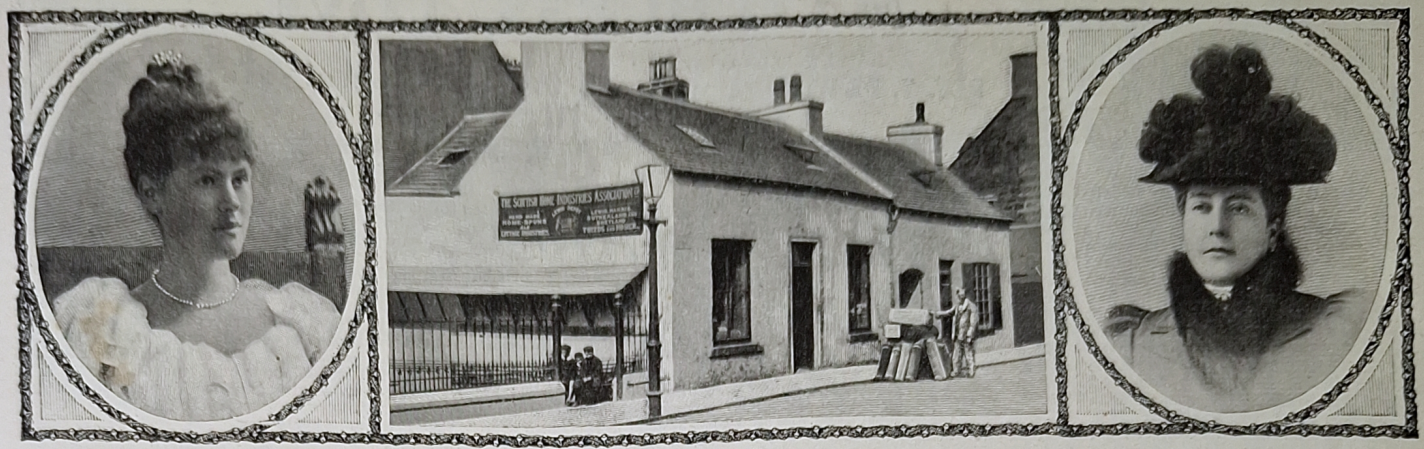
Frank W. T., West Fulton, N. Y. The Transvaal and Free State have been formally annexed by Great Britain. Fighting still continues, however, and there are about 3,000 or 4,000 Boers in the field.

Reader. Unless there is some substantial reason why the injunction should not be carried out, the wishes of the dying wife should be respected. Not knowing all the facts, however, we cannot advise.

Rev. S. Foster Grady, City Missionary, 231 Bellevue avenue, Newark, N. J., would be pleased to communicate with any reader of this journal who may be interested in the work of prison evangelization.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1900 PRICE FIVE CENTS



MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

DEPOT IN THE HEBRIDES FOR THE HOME INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION'S PRODUCTS

H. R. H. HELENA, PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

The Career of Two Noble Christian Women

LEFT PALACES TO HELP HUMANITY

Princess Christian and the Duchess of Sutherland

AMONG the many organizations devised for helping people in need of assistance in Great Britain, are some that have been founded and developed chiefly through the interest taken in them by ladies prominent in aristocratic circles. In our democratic country it is not easy to fully realize how much prestige may be given in monarchical lands to any project by royal or patrician patronage. In former times Great Britain had not many opportunities of testing this fact, for the ladies of the royal family and of the peerage devoted their time chiefly to court gaieties; but under the benign rule of Queen Victoria a great change has occurred. The kindly interest the Queen has taken in the welfare of her people has had a potent influence in her own family and among the ladies of the court. Many of the fashionable ladies have followed the royal example, and have not only devised plans for alleviating the miseries of the poor and the unfortunate, but have given personal attention to details.

Prominent among these ladies was the Queen's cousin, the late Duchess of Teck, a daughter of King George the Third's youngest son. In the agricultural districts of the country an incalculable amount of good has been done through the "village homes" she established for the benefit of the women and girls of the rural population. The Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, has taken up much of the work the Duchess of Teck began. She was already known as an active and zealous worker when the South African war broke out, and turned her philanthropic energy into a special channel. She made the welfare of the soldier in health and in sickness her earnest study. Her womanly tenderness was especially concerned by the fact that her own son was serving as an officer in the army. A young man of exceptional promise, he shared the dangers and fatigues of the campaign, and to the intense sorrow and distress of his mother and a host of friends, he was stricken down with fever, and died in the regimental hospital at Pretoria.

WOMEN CROFTERS SPINNING FOR THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S ASSOCIATION

In the British army the name of the Princess Christian has become a very popular one, and many a soldier has emphasized the characteristics of her beautiful character by transposing her title and calling her the Christian Princess. One of her projects was the erection of homes for disabled soldiers, which are used not only as residences for the permanently disabled, but as rest homes for the convalescent. More than one thousand soldiers have already been taken care of in these homes. Closely allied to this work is that of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, organized by the Princess. Its object is to furnish the soldier or sailor who retires on a pension with a friend to whom he can turn for help and advice. Such pensioners are often the prey of designing persons when they leave the army or navy, being unused to civilian life. By getting a list of the members of the society the pensioner learns the name and address of some good man who will look after his interests free of charge and give him help and advice. The Princess is president of this society, and her influence has been potent in securing agents for it in all the chief towns and villages.

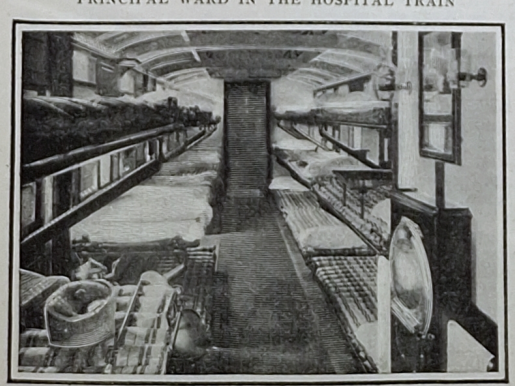
Another work in which Princess Christian has taken great interest and has personally supervised, is the construction of a hospital train, which bears her name. The train is a hospital on wheels, consisting of six cars, two of which are for the accommodation of the surgeons and nurses, and four as hospital wards. They are marvels of convenience, containing cupboards of ingenious construction for instruments and hospital appliances. They are fitted on the outside with pulleys and ropes, by which the attendants can raise a stretcher with a wounded man on it from the ground and deposit him on a bed or the operating table without jarring or jolting the suffering man. The Princess studied the various problems connected with this train, and herself suggested some of the devices.

The Princess, however, has not confined her attention to soldiers and sailors. For about thirteen years past she has been the chief of a society for furnishing free nursing to the poor. She began with only one nurse, but the value of such service was so signally proved that more were employed, and now an institution has been incorporated as a Home for Trained Nurses. In a recent report, it is shown that in one year recently the free nurses paid 9,760 visits to poor homes.

A kindred spirit to that of the Princess is found in Millicent, the young Duchess of Sutherland. A romantic story is told of her accession to the title. Her present husband when Marquis of Stafford visited the home of the Erskines and stayed to dinner. As the party was seated it was found that they were thirteen in number; so, to avoid any uneasiness of the guests in view of the old superstition, Miss Millicent Erskine, then sixteen years of age and not in society, was sent for from the children's quarters upstairs to join the dinner party and make the number fourteen. The heir to the Sutherland title and estates fell in love with her at first sight, and subsequently married her. She has proved in the best way worthy of her exalted position. Her interest in the poor of Scotland has been manifested in many ways. One of the best known is that of supplying the women with the materials and apparatus for weaving the famous Scotch tweed and providing methods of putting the finished article on the market. In this and other ways this philanthropic young lady has done good service to the needy families of Scotland.

ISABELLE DRYER.

PRINCIPAL WARD IN THE HOSPITAL TRAIN



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S HOME FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS

MATCHLESS LOVE

...A NEW SERMON BY...

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXT, I. John 4: 16: "God is love"

PERILOUS undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak; nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare to say whether his omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immutability, or wisdom, or justice, or love is the greater attribute. But the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Prof. Eichhhorn asserted; but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style, and that he called grown people "little children," that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul in mid-life, mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars' Hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed, the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient, and, aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates: "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God; but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of his nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian Pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or descried through telescopic lens. All that showed the Lord's almightiness, but it gave no demonstration of his love. He might make fifty Saturns and a hundred Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was

An Unknown Passion

and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a time when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrated. God would veil it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down, and worlds had been born and demolished, on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born, and who, though so bountifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves well, went into insurrection and conspiracy and revolt and war—finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination—complete extermination—of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne-room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the Eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens he comes till he reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine, and amid the bleatings of sheep, and the lowing of cattle, and the moaning of camels, and the banter of the herdsmen, takes his first sleep on earth, and for thirty-three years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest thirty-three years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences, what impatience to get him back! The Infinite Father looked down and saw his Son slapped, and spit on, and supperless, and homeless, and then, amidst horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, his body and soul parted. And all for what? Why allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split hulk of an old ship on Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and how it came ashore, and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could bear up. Human nature wrecked may interest the inhabitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the

Rocks of Sin and Sorrow.

Yet it was in that condition of moral breakup that heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting his arms around a recreant world.

The schoolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schleiermacher is an infinite intelligence, without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God is love."

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives occurrences inexplicable. They are bereft or persecuted or impoverished or invalided. They have only one child, and that dies, while the next-door neighbor has seven children and they are all spared. The unfortunates buy at a time when the market is rising, and the day after the market falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty, they are seized with physical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practised a villainy. There are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on and up, while they go on and down. There are in many lives riddles that have never been solved, mysteries that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation, and your attempt at comfort will be a failure and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul and all its worriments and losses and disasters will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say: "I cannot understand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand. And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is love.'"

Saved by the Attribute.

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shastra and the Zend-Avesta, that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures! Look at War, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres! See the great cities, with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If Justice had spoken it would have said: "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If Immutability had spoken it would have said: "I have always been opposed to wickedness, and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite, and away with it." If Omniscience had spoken it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and all-comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If Truth had spoken it would have said: "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But Divine Love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will medicate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnated. I will take on my shoulders and upon my brow, and into my heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now, and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and

Die their Death.

Farewell, my throne, my crown, my sceptre, my angelic environment, my heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when he was conquered by his own love. "God is love."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at the beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain who, about to go to battle, was clad in armor, helmet on head and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran shrieking away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make-up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm heart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all and around us all a mercy that wants to save, and save now.

If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." O, what a mother we have in God! And my text is

The Lullaby Sung to us

when we are ill, or when we are maltreated, or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers: "God is love."

This was the reason the Bible was written. The world needs no inspired page to tell it that God will chastise sin, for that is proved in the life of many an offender. You can look through the wicket of any prison, and see the fact which the world understood thousands of years before Solomon wrote it, "The way of the transgressor is hard." The world needed no Bible to tell it that God is omnipotent, for any one who has seen Mont Blanc or Niagara or the Atlantic Ocean in a cyclone, knows that. The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the upholstery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of a dewdrop to the rounding of a world, declares that. But there was one secret about God that was wrapped up in a scroll of parchment, and it stayed there until apostolic hand unrolled that scroll and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it could never have surmised, never guessed, never expected, that he loved our human race so ardently that he will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a divine kiss, and turn foaming malefactors into worshipers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that

The Secret is out

and that it can never be veiled! Tell it to the sinning, suffering, dying race; tell it in song and sermon, on canvas and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth—"God is love."

Notice that the wisest men of the nations for thousands of years did not, amid their idolatries, make something to represent this feeling, this emotion. They had a Jove, representing might: Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the goddess of corn; and an Odin, and an Osiris, and a Titan, and a Juggernaut, and whole pantheons of gods and goddesses; but no shrine, no carved image, no sculptured form has suggested a god of pure love. That was beyond human brain. It took a God to think that, a God to project that, a God let down from heaven to achieve that.

Fear is the dominant thought in all false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances, and swing on iron hooks, and fall under wheels, and hold up the right arm so long that they cannot take it down. Fear, brutish fear! But love is the queen in our religion. For that we build temples. For that we kneel at our altars. For that we contribute our alms. For that martyrs suffered at Brussels Market Place, and at Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Peking. That will yet bejewel the round earth, and put it an emerald on the great, warm, throbbing heart of God.

Fatal Ignorance

The world has had many specimens of slandered men and women, their motives slandered, their habits slandered—slandered until they got out of the world, and then perhaps honored by elaborate eulogium, and tall shaft of granite, all four sides chiseled with the story of how good and great they were. But no one under the heavens or over the heavens has ever been so much slandered as God. Bad men have fought against him, and have thought they heard his voice in the crash of a thunder-storm, but have not seen him in the sunshine of the spring morning. They have blamed him for wrongs which they had done themselves. The sight of a church building excites their disgust. They like the madrigal of a saloon better than the doxology of a temple. They do not want to live with him in heaven, but would prefer on leaving this world to go into some realm where God has abdicated the throne, and from which he is exiled forever. The reason is, they do not know him. They do not realize the fact that God is the best friend this world ever had or ever will have, and that he would do more for their happiness than any one in the wide universe; that he would help them in the wear and tear and tussle of this life; that he would hush their sorrows; that he would help cure the evil habits with which they sometimes struggle; that he would at their request not only forgive but forget the wrong things in their life. Yes, forget! And that is the only thing that God ever does forget—pardoned trangression. The best memory in the universe is God's memory, and he remembers all that has

transpired in all time and in all eternity save one kind of occurrence. That passes completely out of his memory. He declares, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Do you want more proof that "God is love?" Yea, disinterested love. No compensation for its bestowal. No reward for its sacrifices. But I call that back. The world did pay him. It paid him on Calvary, paid him with brambles on the brow, and four spikes, and one spear for the side near the heart; paid him in execration; paid him with straw pillow in a barn and a cross on a hill; paid him with a third of a century of maltreatment and hardship, save one year—yea, is paying him yet in rejection of his mission of mercy. Having dethroned other kings, the world would like to dethrone the King of kings. But he knew what he was coming to when he left the portals of pearl and the land where the sun never goes down. Yes, he knew the world, how cold it is, and knew pain, how sharp it is, and the night, how dark it is, and expiation, how excruciating it is. Out of vast eternity he looked forward and saw Pilate's criminal court-room, and the rocky bluff with three crosses, and the lacerated body in mortuary surroundings, and heard the thunders toll at the funeral of heaven's favorite, and understood that the palaces of eternity would hear the sorrow of a bereft God.

What do the Bible and the Church liturgies mean when they say "He descended into hell?" They mean that his soul left his sacred body for a while and went down into the prison of moral night, and swung back its great door, and lifted the chain of captivity, and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, and took the bolt of divine indignation against sin into himself, and, having vanquished death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue, if we will accept it. Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears: "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay he would get for exchanging celestial splendor for Bethlehem caravansary, and he dared all and came, the most illustrious example in all the ages of disinterested love.

Yea, it was most expensive love. There is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of humiliation. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a King. It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demoniac. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist, and another to destroy. It charged on the spears, and rang with the battle-axes of human and diabolic hate. Had the expedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead. The tears and blood of the martyr of the heavens were only a part of the infinite expense to which the Godhead went when it proposed to save the world.

Now, the only fair thing for human hearts to do is to echo back that sovereign love. You and I have stood in mountainous regions where, uttering one distinct word, the echoes would come back with a resonance startling and captivating, and from all our hearts there should sound unto the heavens responses glorious and long-continued. Let the world change its style of payment for heavenly love. No more payment by blows on the cheek and scourging on the back, and hooting of mobs, but payment in ardors of soul, in true surrender of heart and love to the God that made us, and the Christ who ransomed us and the Eternal Spirit who by regenerating power makes us all over again.

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out, clothed in white, led on by the high priest, wearing a mitre and glittering breast-plate, on which was emblazoned the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that word, bowed and halted his army, and the city was saved. And if we had the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners, at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back, and we would go on from victory unto victory, until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero the fair held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggle can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held out from the tower windows of the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. O, ye dissatisfied and distressed souls, who roam the world over looking for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out: "Let loose the harts or reindeer." It was done, and no sooner were these creatures loosened than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water, and soon found it, and the king and his caravan were saved; and the king wrote on some tablets the words: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean, put on that ocean four swift sailing craft, and let one sail to the North, and one to the South, and one to the East, and one to the West, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return and some one hail the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four voices would respond "No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

The · New · Testament · His · Spelling - Book

HOW A POOR NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER LEARNED TO READ IT BY THE LIGHT OF HIS CABIN FIRE

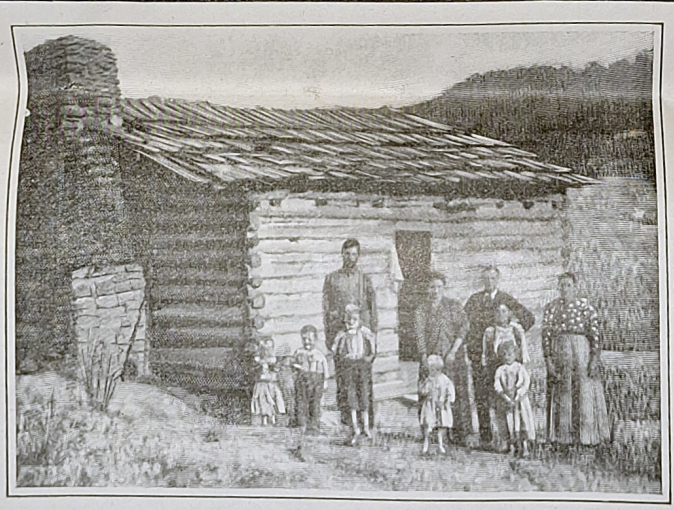
A MOUNTAINEER

A MISSIONARY worker of the American Sunday-school Union, traveling in Western North Carolina, in a recent letter relates this characteristic incident:

One frosty, bright October morning I started from home to visit a locality some twenty-eight miles distant, up in the mountains. About noon I stopped for a dinner of corn pone and buttermilk at a little log cabin by the wayside. Then I again shouldered my load and started, the trail growing steeper and the mountain more rugged as I ascended. I stopped for the night at a little mud-daubed hut beside a beautiful mountain stream.

Soon after supper I asked to be shown to bed, and my host, after lighting a piece of pine knot at the open fireplace, led the way to a ladder in the corner of the one lower room the house contained. Motioning to me to ascend, he followed me with the torch until, standing on one of the rungs of the ladder, his head and shoulders protruded above the floor of the loft where I was to sleep. Here he stopped, and holding the torch above the attic floor, pointed with his other hand to a bed in the farthest corner, saying that I was to "roost thar." Making my way carefully across the rickety floor, between piles of vegetables and grain below, and dodging strings of dried pumpkin, and apples, and onions tied together by their tops to the rafters overhead, I reached the bed, and my host, after inquiring if I had sufficient "kiver" (cover on the bed), descended the ladder, taking his torch with him, and letting down the trap door at the top of the ladder as he went down, left me in darkness.

I could not sleep. Toward morning it began to rain, first gently, then harder, accompanied with wind which drove it through the clapboard roof, and the drip, drip of the water on the naked floor added greatly to my discomfort. I rose early and descended the ladder to the room below, where the wife of my host was busily cooking breakfast at the open fire. I started immediately after breakfast and during a driving rain storm. The greater part of the way there was but a dim trail through almost unbroken forests. I was somewhat startled, therefore, as I was scrambling up this dim path, miles from any human habitation, to be accosted by a man emerging from a dense thicket into the trail. He was dressed in ragged homespun, and wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat and heavy brogan shoes. He carried a heavy stick and a large grain sack. The clay on his clothes and hands showed that his occupation was that of a medicine root-digger. He said he was a native born and bred in the mountains, and had never attended school a day in his life. He grew up a wicked boy and young man, without religious or other instruction, and did not know "ary letter in th' books" when he married. Soon after his marriage, however, through the influence of his wife and the preaching of a godly minister, he was led to forsake his sins and accept Christ as his Saviour. He determined to learn to read then, so he could study God's Word for himself; and with no help but that furnished by his wife, who he said, "could read a right smart," accomplished his purpose; a Testament being the only text-book available.



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CABIN IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

"We wuz pore them times, an' had to wuk powerful hard. Mee an' th' ole womern wuz clarin' uv a piece of woods up on the mounting fer backer 'nd cohn. We wuz both powerful tired when night'd cum, but I wuz sot on larnin' t' read, 'nd she said she'd hope me (help me) all 't she could.

"So when night'd come she'd go hum t' our cabin 'nd git us a snack t' eat, while I'd git me a armful uv rich pine 'nd pine-knots 'at I'd tote home t' burn ir th' fire-place, fur light.

"Arter eatin' we'd git down afore th' fire 'ith our Testyment 'nd th'ow on a pine-knot fer light. She'd larn me th' letters, 'nd atter awhile when I'd got them good, t' spell. Hit wuz mighty slow larnin' that away, but we stuck to it 'nd atter awhile I begun t' read sum. Still I stuck to it. The old womern wuz so tired 't night 'at she'd git sleepy 'nd haf to go t' bed; but I'd stick to it till th' pine wuz all burnt up. Sumtimes I'd come acrost a sticker (hard word) 'nd haf to wake up th' ole womern t' hope me sum. Atter awhile I got so 't I c'd read a right smart 'n th' Testyment, but never c'd git no sense out'n no uther print."

His knowledge of God's word showed that he not only could "read a right smart in the Testyment" but that he also had done so, and got sense out of it.

We held a little prayer-meeting away out on the mountain-side, in the rain, and I gave him a Bible to take the place of the Testament that he said was worn out. Bidding him farewell, I started on up the trail, slipping and stumbling as before; but I did not heed the rain and mud now. I climbed up the mountain-side singing:

There's sunshine in my soul to-day, more glorious and bright
Than dwells in any earthly sky, for Jesus is my light.

. . .

[Any reader of this journal desiring information concerning the work of the American Sunday School Union, may address Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Ave., New York.]

A "SHACK," NOW A SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE VALUE AND POWER OF SENTIMENT

JESUS ANOINTED AT BETHANY : : :

International Sunday School Lesson for January 6th: Matthew 26: 6-16.

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: Mark 14: 8: "She hath done what she could."

IT is apropos to the dominant thought of our lesson to consider for a few moments the mighty tide of Christian sentiment that pours in upon every thoughtful mind in contemplating the completion of nineteen Christian centuries and our entrance upon a new century.

Napoleon in Egypt aroused his army to utmost courage and tireless effort by saying, as he pointed to the pyramids, "Forty centuries are looking down upon you." A few sordid soldiers, that cared only for pay and plunder, may have sneered at their leader's "sentimental" appeal, but it stirred every one who had in him one lingering spark of the divine fire of sentiment, the mightiest thing in God's world. All such must hear also at this crossing of the centuries the great voices of time and eternity.

Six Months About the Cross We are only two-thirds through the life of Christ in this eighteen-months' course of studies about him, and yet we are within a week of the cross. This is vastly significant, that one-third of the life of Christ is about his death and the events associated with it before and after. This practical age calls upon the pulpit and the Sunday School to talk more of his beautiful life and less "sentimentally" of his death. There are some churches where they do not sing often, if at all,

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The two scarlets, of sin and redemption, do not dye that hymn with any deeper red than that of both Testaments. "Christ and him crucified," Christ as Sovereign and Sacrifice, that is the text of which the whole Bible preaches, bringing to sinful, helpless men the gospel or good news of pardon through Jesus the Saviour, and protection and direction through Christ the King. Christ is prophet, priest and king. Let us not champion any one of these offices as if it were all, always harping on "the words of Jesus," as if he were only a prophet; or always of his death, as if he were only a priest; or talking only of the Christianizing of society, as if he were only a king. Let us behold and proclaim him as prophet, priest and king.

What has drawn the world's love to Christ more than wonderful words and works, or even his kingly march through all centuries and countries, is the outpoured spikenard of his broken heart when he was "lifted up" to die for all the sinful souls of men.

Lessons from Bethany *Now when Jesus was in Bethany.* How Jesus glorifies whatever he touches! Bethany would have never been heard of outside of little Palestine had not one of its families welcomed Jesus to their home. Nor would any outside have ever heard of Bethlehem or Nazareth had he not passed through their streets; nor of the fishermen apostles, whose names are on stately buildings in great cities all over the world, had they not walked with him. The instinctive desire for glory that stirs in all save brutish men can most surely be gratified by welcoming Christ to our hearts and walking with him. All such shall "shine as the stars forever and ever," with his reflected light, in the other world if not in both. The history of Bethany, if we review what had preceded this lesson and add a crowning event that followed, suggests a multitude of lessons, such as:

1. The blessings of a Christian home. One home was started with this motto:

Our home, what shall it be?
Like lovely Bethany,
A place where Christ doth come;
The wife, like Mary, sitting at the Saviour's feet
"He whom thou lovest Lord," the husband's title
sweet—
Such be our home.

2. Bethany also suggests that Christ can use a variety of workers, practical Martha as well as sentimental Mary. Better still to combine their contrasted characteristics.

"Wisdom and sight are well,
But trust is best—"
This "better part" choose as your portion,
And your soul shall rest
Calm as the well-beloved upon the Saviour's breast.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long
And thus make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

3. Bethany is also a teacher of the resurrection in the story of the raising of Lazarus, for which the feast of this lesson may have been a thanksgiving.

4. In that same story we have a living prophecy of heavenly reunion. A family whom death had sundered is reunited temporarily on earth as if to picture the eternal reunions of heaven.

5. And the ascension of Jesus, later, from Bethany, reminds us that death is to every Christian an ascension.

6. But the lesson of Bethany on which we wish to put chief emphasis, is a lesson for life rather than death, namely, the preciousness and power of Christian sentiment, as shown in Christ's treatment of the precious spikenard, as contrasted, not alone with the covetousness of Judas, but also with the so-called "practical" spirit of other apostles present who counted such prodigality of love a "waste." (Read Mark 14: 3-9 and John 11: 55-57; 12: 11, to get points of the story not given by Matthew.)

"SHE HATH WROUGHT A GOOD WORK ON ME"

Bountiful Giving of the Beautiful *An alabaster cruse of exceeding precious ointment poured upon his head.* The time is the eve of "Palm Sunday" though only Jesus knew what would be on the morrow, and he knew not only of the hosannas but also of the cry that would so soon follow: "Crucify him." They were in the house of Simon, the leper, who was possibly the husband of Martha, but in either case ostracized from home by his deadly disease. "Martha served" a supper, at which Jesus reclined, oriental fashion, on a lounge, with his head toward the table, his feet at the other end of the lounge. Mary—not Mary Magdalene, but Mary of Bethany—in an outburst of love for Christ, took a flask of spikenard, whose cost was equal to the wages of a workingman for a year, and poured it on his head and feet, and wiped the latter with her hair, and "the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." It was the custom to anoint kings and priests as symbolic prayers that the Holy Spirit might come in joy and power upon their hearts. Distinguished teachers also were sometimes so anointed at feasts. Mary was proclaiming that Jesus was to her Prophet, Priest and King. This act of Mary is not an act by itself, but belongs to the history of sentiment, which is a mighty factor in the life of God and man. If God counted everything "waste" save work, he would not have poured out with such lavish hand the beauty with which he has adorned flowers and birds and fish, and the fragrance which is itself a feast to cultivated senses, and the music of nature overflowing from millions of throats among the peerless feathered songsters whose chief mission is to sing. Those who with open hand and heart and voice give to God and to humanity beautiful churches and other forms of art, have poured precious ointment anew upon the feet of Christ.

Sentiment not a "waste" *To what purpose is this waste?* Not Judas alone, who was moved by covetousness, but the apostles generally made this criticism. I have no doubt Martha expressed the same sentiment, just as on a former occasion she thought Mary was wasting her time sitting at Jesus' feet to hear his words, when she might have been setting the table, that he and they might be fed the sooner. Mary and Martha! we meet them almost as often as we meet sisters. Mothers should from the cradle seek to develop Martha on the side of sentiment, lest her life become a drudgery to things seen, while equally careful to add the practical to the sentimental in the development of Mary. On the beach stand two children of the Mary and Martha temperaments. As the breakers dash on the beach, poetic Mary exclaims: "How bravely they come in till they break out crying!" But too prosy Martha turns up her nose and says: "Soap!" Two young ladies, chums by attraction of contrasted temperaments, are standing in a railway station as one of the greatest of engines comes rolling in with an express train. Sentimental Mary exclaims: "Don't a railway train impress you?" "It would," replies too practical Martha, "if I was on the track." Because mothers and teachers do not sufficiently seek to develop sentiment in too prosy children and youth, we find the story of Bethany's feast daily repeated, in the case of those who cannot appreciate the preciousness and power of sentiment. An alabaster cruse of precious ointment God has poured out in Niagara's strength and beauty, but there were persons so defective on the side of sentiment they saw nothing of interest in the falls till the electricians harnessed them to their dynamos. In a beautiful church, whose beauty is outpoured worship in giving, they only calculate how many paupers might have been fed with the money that it cost.

She hath wrought a good work. Thus Jesus rebukes those who depreciate the bountiful and beautiful in worship. "What good does it do?" the critics say. What good does anything do that does not go below and beyond material benefit and work good in the very souls of man? Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, refers with deserved scorn to those who were then wont to say of our flag and government: "What is all this worth?" And Edward Everett, in his oration on Bunker Hill, pours like contempt on those who ask of the monument there erected: "What is the good of it?" One of the saddest signs of the times is that programmes of what Congress was expected to do at the crossing of the centuries, given recently by Senators and Congressmen, contain no hint of any moral legislation, which alone corresponds to Gladstone's definition of the purpose of law: "To make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right."

As to the critics, who would have the money that is given to worship used instead for charity, it is to be noted that it is those whose noble sentiments are kept flowing like a river by bountiful gifts to worship, that do most of the giving to the poor, and those who give most to foreign missions are the very ones who give most for home missions.

Flowers for the Living *She did it for my burial.* Joseph, of Arimathea, timidly neglected the Christ in whom he believed when he was alive, but gave him a new tomb, no doubt covered with flowers, when he was dead—Nicodemus, another secret disciple among the Sanhedrim judges, assisting at the burial. How much better the cruse of Mary of Bethany, who showed her love to the persecuted Christ while he was alive! So to-day many a flower on the coffin is a belated atonement for bitter words spoken, kind words and flowers withheld when the ears could have heard them and the fragrance of appreciation would have brightened life.

Some people, judging from their reluctance to give a word of encouragement to their minister, seem to think it is better for him to die of depression than to run the risk of being inflated by a compliment.

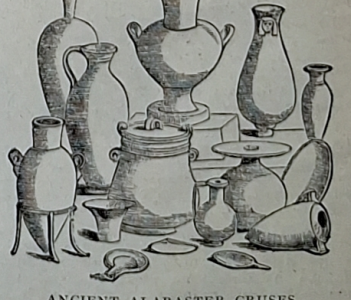
Editors, even more than pastors, are likely to need flowers and spikenard till they are ready, which recalls a beautiful story told of Miss Julia A. Ames, when associate editor of *The Union Signal*. Her office was quite near to that of Miss Alice Guernsey, editor of *The Young Crusader*. One day last summer she went to the office of Miss Guernsey, and standing by her desk said: "Alice, we all lead lives so busy here that I have thought we often fail to speak the good we think, and I just came in to-day to say I love you." There are little alabaster boxes of precious ointment, of loving and appreciative words, that would make the world sweeter and brighter, if only the seal of silence were broken and the precious ointment poured forth.

Nilie was four years old. He had been my favorite playfellow all summer. But one day he sat by my side for a long time, unusually thoughtful. At last he turned, and said: "Do you love me?"

"Why, Nilie," said I, "of course I love you. What made you think I did not?"

He answered: "Well, I didn't know; I never heard you say much about it."

Rev. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull writes: "No person was ever harmed, nor could be, by being assured of the love, the confidence, or the high regard of another, or of others generally. It is self-confidence, not a consciousness of having the confidence of others, that endangers a man's right estimate of his powers and of his position. Flattering or praising a man for his supposed good qualities or attainments may, indeed, promote his over-estimate of himself; but assuring him that he is loved or trusted or honored by another, is simply laying on him a new sense of responsibility and obligation, and giving him another call to prove worthy of the good opinion which is now accorded him."



ANCIENT ALABASTER CRUSES

A MODERN ELIZABETH FRY

The Career of Frances Joseph, a Colored Woman, who has Devoted her Life to Prison Evangelization...Working in Twenty-two States

AS beautiful Elizabeth Fry, the angel of Newgate and many another prison, and next to Howard greatest of prison reformers, labored among criminals of her time, Frances Joseph, a woman of the negro race, is laboring among prisoners, black and white, in Southern jails. That Elizabeth Fry, wealthy and of the highest social position, should impress people of station and authority, overcome prejudice and win sympathy and cooperation, is small matter for marvel; but that the daughter of a lowly negro minister, a seamstress making her living by her needle, should succeed in doing what Mrs. Joseph has accomplished, may be cause for considerable wonder.

Mrs. Joseph is the first American woman to choose as her life mission work among negro prisoners. Her labors, begun for her own people, were quickly extended to white unfortunates. "I have letters from many white mothers thanking me for kindness to their children. Young men from everywhere come to New Orleans—particularly at Mardi Gras times; they get into trouble; I find them in jail; write to their people and help them all I can." Her regular visits and ministration includes the prison-yards of both races.

MRS. FRANCES JOSEPH
(As she appeared in Spurgeon's Tabernacle)

Known in Two Continents

She has indeed accomplished great good, and commands the respectful consideration of her community, the commendation of the Mayor and other officials of New Orleans; the confidence of the Governor of her State and the warm regard of the Prison Reform Association of Louisiana. In a recent trip abroad, whither she went as delegate to the International W. C. T. U. Convention, she was heard at Edinburgh, the Lord Lieutenant of Scotland being one of her auditors; later at Belfast, Ireland; next in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and then at Paris, by audiences as attentive as those which have recently been her listeners in New York. As Mrs. Fry's hearers were confined to one continent it may be said that Mrs. Joseph, in point of territory covered by personal addresses, has somewhat the advantage of her great English prototype. In her own country she has visited twenty-two prisons in as many different States. Many of the reforms which Mrs. Fry sought for are now an integral part of [illegible] everywhere; others—as for instance, classification of prisoners according to age and degree of offense—Mrs. Joseph in common with philanthropists the world over is struggling to effect. During a call at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, Mrs. Joseph, explaining how she was drawn into her work for prisoners, said:

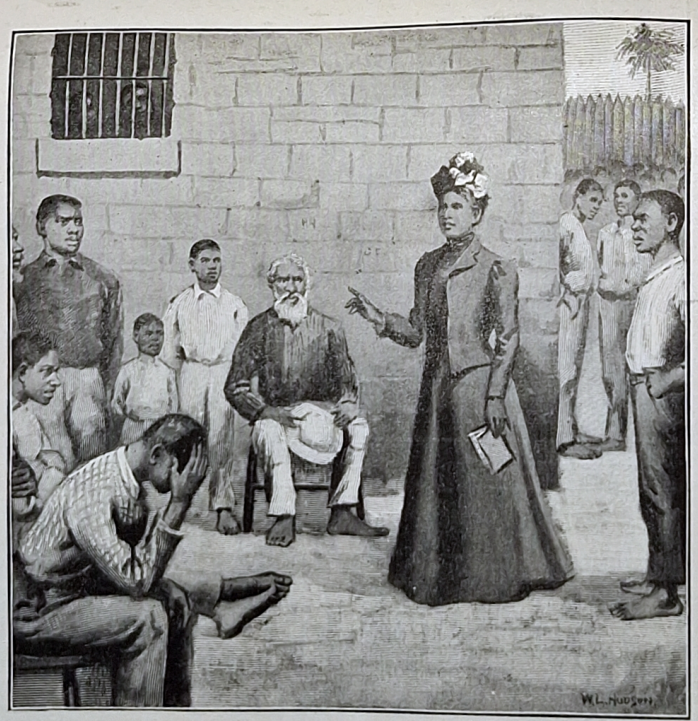
"It has been nearly ten years since I began prison work. I felt called to it as ministers are called to the Gospel. The first impulse came one Saturday in passing the depot of the Mississippi Valley Railroad, where the train stood, all ready and coupled to start. Nearby an aged woman was sobbing bitterly. 'Can I help you?' I asked. 'No, my child,' she answered, 'my only son is in that gang going to the State Prison.' I looked as she pointed, and saw twenty-four colored people boarding the train. I learned that nineteen out of the twenty-four were sent up for larceny. Think of this batch going up every thirty or forty days!

Her "Call to Prison"

"That night, as I knelt and begged God to comfort the aged mother whose son was locked behind prison walls, a voice seemed whispering to me, 'You must go to prisons and ask prisoners to pray that God will help them to resist temptation, and tell them never to do anything that will bring them back after they get out of their present trouble.'" She was frightened at the thought; it followed her up; she asked the Mayor's permission to visit the jails, and went in spite of the protests of her friends, who disapproved her course. On her first visit she went alone; none would accompany her. That day she shook hands with three murderers, talked and prayed with them. Two weeks later, she stood by one as the death sentence was read; and in another two weeks, went with him to the gallows, turning away just before he was launched into eternity, but not before he had thanked her for leading him to Christ. Through her efforts 2,000 men have pledged themselves to better lives; one of her converts is a minister of God. "When people are friendless and in prison, they will listen," she says; "they have time to think. In nearly every church in New Orleans I see some face that I have met in prison, some one with whom I have pleaded; some one whose pledge I have taken." Securing judicial clemency in certain cases, enlisting counsel in others, effecting reconciliations between parents and wayward children, providing clothing for prisoners who had none, have all come within the line of her many-sided labors. She has bought material, taken it to jail, cut it into garments, and then stood over idle women, and men, too, and taught them how to sew. Thus, the fashioning of raiment served a triple purpose in keeping prisoners occupied, imparting an industry, and providing the needy with covering. She seeks to have employment ready for the liberated. Her work is unsalaried. She supports herself as a seamstress.

Her chief efforts now are directed to the separation of children from adult prisoners. "A child of six," she says, "committed for malicious mischief in the yard with hardened criminals, does not take long to become a criminal. The authorities have promised to turn young offenders, whose sins are not too serious, over to me as soon as I have a place for them. The ground has been secured, and I am seeking enough money to build upon it. When I have that home, I'm going to show what can be done with vagrant and delinquent children. I will make them acceptable wage-earners."

A flourishing kindergarten in New Orleans owes its existence to Mrs. Joseph. She saw its need among her people, urged that need upon her white friends, and with their aid secured its establishment and support.



GOD'S MESSENGER IN THE JAIL-YARD

A Monarch's Reproof

COL. JAMES G. HOLMES, of Charleston, S. C., sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an anecdote of Czar Nicholas I. of Russia, which is especially timely. Apropos of a recent article by Mr. W. T. Stead on Nicholas II., Col. Holmes writes:

Nicholas I., like his great-grandson, evidently possessed common sense, and likewise a decided opinion that all human beings, even serfs, had rights which their rulers were bound to observe, and were entitled to consideration. When the Hon. Henry Middleton, of Charleston, S. C. (during the Monroe administration), was minister of the United States to Russia, Nicholas I. was the Czar of all the Russias, and treated the American minister with great consideration and cordiality. The intercourse at that time between Russia and the outside world was not so free then as to-day, and the United States was comparatively an unknown social and political entity. Nicholas I. cultivated the society of the highly educated and cultured South Carolinian, who being a slave owner, and from a slave State—a lesser czar, as it were—could appreciate the great responsibilities and moral obligations of the ruler of all the Russias. The anecdote to follow was related to the writer by the late Mr. Williams Middleton, who served under his father, Hon. Henry Middleton, as United States secretary of legation (or, one of the secretaries). at the court of St. Petersburg. The United States minister, while walking on the quay one morning, was overtaken and passed by the Czarewitch and his English governor, they saluting courteously as they passed, but so absorbed were they in conversation that they failed to return the salute, or obeisance, of two Muscovite serfs, who halted, and holding on their tall conical hats, bowed almost to the pavement. Just then the United States minister heard rapid strides behind him (for Nicholas I. had a short body and peculiarly long legs), and found it was no less a personage than the Czar, who strode by, saluting as he went not only Mr. Middleton but also the Muscovites. Overtaking the Czarewitch and his governor, he slapped the cap from the head of the former, and grasping him by the hair of his head, led him back to the now trembling serfs, and bowed his son's head to the earth before the poor, alarmed creatures. He then turned upon the governor, and apparently gave him a severe lecture. Joining Mr. Middleton, the Czar said:

"I am glad the American minister has witnessed how a barbarian reproves his son and heir."

Then in more gentle speech, he went on to say, "In the providence of God, that boy will some day sit upon my throne, and rule all of my people, and if I do not teach him now that these poor slaves are human beings, and deserve consideration at the hands of their rulers, he will never learn it, for few will have the courage to tell him the truth when he becomes Czar."

Of course, in the above quotations no pretense is made to accuracy of mere words. The incident related goes to show that rulers of great countries are seldom as they are represented by writers, who rarely are permitted the privilege accorded to Mr. Stead, but use their imaginations for their ink-stands. The Hon. Henry Middleton brought back from St. Petersburg to his home in Charleston, S. C., a full length portrait in oil of Czar Nicholas I., a good picture and said to be a good likeness, and though it is not life-size, is large enough to portray the face and figure clearly. It shows markedly the peculiarity alluded to, of a short body and very long legs. It was while looking at this portrait in Mr. Williams Middleton's library, at his then temporary home on East Battery some years after the Civil War, that the anecdote was told, and Mr. Stead's delightful paper has revivified it. His account of the pleasant reception of Nicholas II., and his naturalness seems, in connection with the incidents noted above, again to show the sterling worth and manliness of the Czars of Russia through four generations at least, and that Nicholas II., when reading *The Lady of the Lake* with his English governor, after the passage describing King James riding down the steep descent at Stirling, and the people crying out, "Long live the commons' king, King James," should exclaim with sparkling eyes—as Mr. Stead recounts—"The commons' king! that's what I'd like to be," seems not unnatural. Not so long a step, after all, from Nicholas I. to Nicholas II.—*noblesse oblige!*

JAMES G. HOLMES.

LINCOLN'S CHRISTIANITY PROVED

Conclusive Evidence that the Martyr-President was a Firm Believer in Christ, the Atonement, and an Inspired Bible

GEN. CHAS. H. T. COLLIS

IN a booklet entitled *The Religion of Abraham Lincoln*,* by General Charles H. T. Collis, new evidence is given of the martyr-President's Christian belief. The whole nation will be grateful to General Collis for printing these interesting facts, for they clear away doubt and should end further controversy concerning Mr. Lincoln's religious views. The author has gathered his testimony not only from the public records, but from an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln in Washington, in the army hospitals, and at the front during the days immediately preceding General Lee's surrender and the President's untimely taking off. The pages include correspondence between General Collis and the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and interesting anecdotes by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles and Hon. Oliver S. Munsell.

In General Collis' first letter addressed to Colonel Ingersoll, dated on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1893, the writer says:

You say that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine. I know not where you get your authority for this, but if the statement be true, Lincoln himself was untrue, for no man invoked "the gracious favor of Almighty God" in every effort of his life with more apparent fervor than did he, and this God was not the Deists' God, but the God whom he worshiped under the forms of the Christian church, of which he was a member.

In a letter dated Feb. 21, General Collis writes:

If I find that Mr. Lincoln professed Christianity, worshiped at a Christian church, admitted his belief in the divinity of Christ, and boldly asserted the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, I am compelled to deny that "his religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine," or to confess that he was an impostor. There is no middle course.

That Mr. Lincoln regularly attended a Christian church in Washington is a historical fact. Though not a "member," as we technically understand it, he was a constant attendant of Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church, near the corner of Fourteenth street and New York avenue. Dr. Gurley was his pastor, and was present at his deathbed. He also frequently attended Dr. Sutherland's church.

That he was a Christian at heart as well as in form, and believed in the efficacy of the prayers and support of Christian denominations let extracts from his addresses verify.

Leaving his home at Springfield with a full—a sorrowful—appreciation of the awful responsibility devolving upon him, surrounded by a Christian community with whom he had lived a quarter of a century, he thus addressed them: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

To the Presbyterians he said: "It has been my happiness to receive testimonies of a similar nature, from I believe, all denominations of Christians. This to me is most gratifying, because from the beginning I saw that the issues of the great struggle depended on the Divine interposition and favor. Relying as I do upon the Almighty power, and encouraged as I am by these resolutions which you have just read, with support which I receive from Christian men, I shall not hesitate to use all means to secure the termination of the rebellion, and will hope for success."

To the Methodists he said: "Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any, yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greatest numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault of others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven, than any other. God bless the Methodist Church, bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in this our great trial giveth us the churches."

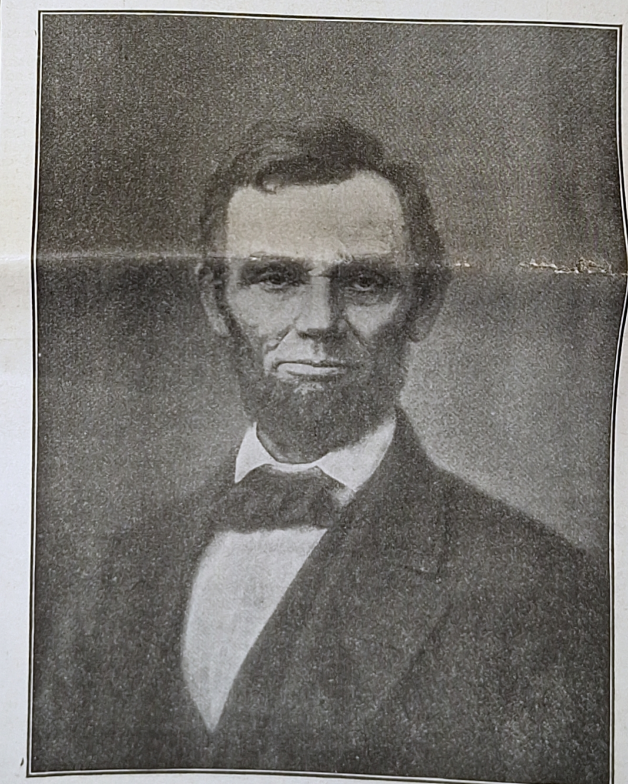
To Mrs. Gurney, the wife of an eminent Quaker preacher, he wrote: "I am much indebted to the Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolation, and to no one of them more than yourself."

When requested to preside at a meeting of the Christian Commission held in Washington on February 22, 1863, he replied: "The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath coinciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, is most propitious for the meeting proposed."

He even went so far as to differ with those Christians who believe Sunday to have been instituted for the "ease of creation"; Lincoln believed it was also "the Lord's day."

On November, 16, 1862, he promulgated the following military order: "The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

If on September 4, 1864, you had served him with notice that thirty years later you would claim him as a Voltarian because he disbelieved in the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, he could not more emphatically have repudiated the honor than he did when he then said to the colored men of Baltimore who presented him with a Bible:



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good of the Saviour of the world is communicated in this book." What an exquisite epitome of the inspiration of the Scriptures and the Atonement! And six months later in his second inaugural address, do you remember how he borrowed the words of the Son to illustrate the justice of the Father, "Woe unto the world because of offenses," etc.

Next follows General Sickles' own description of his memorable interview with Lincoln after the Battle of Gettysburg. Said General Sickles:

"Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the Capital you were all so anxious about the result of the battle, that the Government officials packed up and got ready to leave at short notice with the official archives."

"Yes," he said, "some precautions were prudently taken, but, for my part, I was sure of our success at Gettysburg."

"Why," I asked, "were you so confident? The Army of the Potomac has suffered many reverses."

There was a pause. The President seemed in deep meditation. His pale face was lighted up by an expression I had not observed before. Turning to me he said:

"When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania followed by our army, I felt that the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty, and found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that he would not let the nation perish. I asked him to help us and give us victory now. I felt that my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg."

"How do you feel about Vicksburg, Mr. President?" I asked.

"Grant will pull through all right. I am sure of it," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have been despondent, but am so no longer, God is with us."

The book concludes with Mr. Munsell's account of his interview with the President, ending as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln, in our dear old Illinois, of which we have just been talking, we are anxious, very anxious, in regard to the issue of this terrible war. We have our opinions, our hopes and our fears; and sometimes the suspense is terrible. The thought has come to me, as I have talked with you, that you see the whole field as [illegible] sees, or can see it, and [illegible] in a personal sense desire to ask you, seeing *as you thus do see it, will our country come through safe and live?*"

Mr. Lincoln in the outset of our interview had seemed more worn and depressed than I had ever seen him under any circumstances. No sooner had he heard my question, than his face clouded with the heavy lines of anxious thought, and the shadows again fell around him.

He paused a moment before he made any reply, and when he did essay to speak he made two ineffectual efforts before he could command his voice, and with trembling lips and tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks, said:

"Mr. Muusell, I do not doubt—I never have doubted for a moment—that our country would finally come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me; I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied round their king as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust in the bravery and devotion of the boys in blue; God bless them though! God never gave a prince or conqueror such an army as he has given to me. Nor yet do I rely on the loyalty and skill of our generals; though, I believe, we have the best generals in the world at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be the refuge and the asylum of the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it, and (he added after a moment's pause) I do not expect to live to see it, but God will bring us through safe."

I felt humbled in the presence of Mr. Lincoln's sublime faith in "the God of our fathers," not of Voltaire and Paine, which shamed my own doubts and fears; and from that hour my faith in the ultimate triumph of our country never again faltered, and I bade Mr. Lincoln, as it proved, a final farewell, thanking God, as I had never before thanked him, for such a leader in our country's deadly hour of peril.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE HYMN

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

WILLIAM KNOX.

**The Religion of Abraham Lincoln.* Copyrighted by General Charles H. T. Collis. Pp. 24, paper cover; price twenty-five cents; G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, publishers.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Bishop Potter's Arraignment

ALL decent citizens of New York and moral people in other cities must sympathize with the attitude taken by Bishop Potter in his letter to the Mayor of New York. The Bishop is not unreasonable in his demands, nor does he attempt to fix the blame for existing conditions on any political party. He simply cites the facts which have given the city the name of a "wide-open" town, and calls upon the Mayor to require of the proper officers that they do the duty which is clearly within their province. The police have no power to reform wrong-doers, nor can they suppress the abominable traffic which disgraces civilization, but they have the power under the law to prevent the shameless flaunting of vice on our thoroughfares and the open solicitation to evil which has been going on for three years past. It is this power which ought to be used, and the Bishop is right in demanding that it shall be used. There is ground for suspicion that the police have not overlooked the power thus given them by law, but have accepted money as the price of not enforcing the law. That is to say, it is alleged that they have taken with one hand public payment for executing the law and with the other hand payment from the law breakers for not executing it. This suspicion, which is prevalent in the city, does not affect the Bishop's position; he calls the Mayor's attention to the fact that the laws are not being enforced by the men whose duty it is to enforce it. "I thank [illegible] leaves the method with us. God bless [illegible] can face the [illegible] *strated, since the Bishop made his appeal, that they have the power to remove the evils of which he complains. Two of the worst precincts of the city have been so effectually "cleaned up," that there is no sign on the streets of the curse that, a few weeks ago, was manifest on every block. It remains now for the police to employ in other precincts the methods that have proved effective in these two. There is little doubt that this will be done if the authorities perceive that the moral sense of the city supports the Bishop in his demand. But the police alone cannot extirpate the evil. A community cannot be made moral by legal enactments or by force. The moral force of the present movement should extend beyond the authorities. The only real and abiding reform must come by impressing the individual conscience. Side by side with the suppression of the open and flagrant temptations to immorality, there should go a strong effort on the part of the clergy and all Christian people to win over to virtue not only the victims of vice, but the men who support and encourage vice. Only so can we hope for a permanent benefit from the indignation of the decent part of the community, to which the Bishop's letter has given expression:

This I say then, Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh (Gal. 5:16).

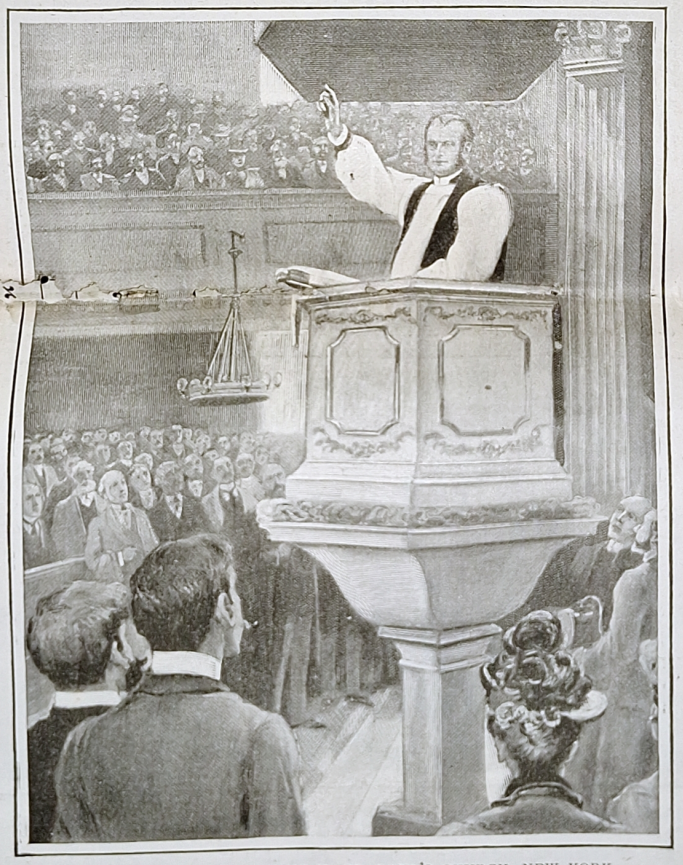
An Untimely Sleep

Citizens of Columbus, O., had occasion a few days ago, to complain of the inopportune drowsiness of a public official. He was stationed at Thurston, O., from which point the natural gas on which many of the Columbus people depend for warming their houses and cooking their food, is distributed. It was his duty on coming to the office in the early morning to relieve the night watchman, to turn on the supply of gas. On this particular morning he was very tired and sat down for a rest. He fell asleep, and being alone in the office slept on undisturbed and sublimely unconscious that he was keeping thousands of families from getting their breakfast. Soon the Columbus office of the gas company was stirred up by indignant complaints over the telephone. The employees called up the Thurston office, but elicited no response from the slumbering official. They then telephoned Pleasantville, and instructed the employees there to send a man on horseback as speedily as possible across country to Thurston to ascertain the cause of the trouble. This was done, and the sleeping man awakened and reminded of the duty he had neglected to perform. The mischief was soon remedied, and no great harm resulted. But so much cannot be said for Christians whose duty it is to give light to the world, but, sunk in sloth and lethargy, are recreant to their duty and suffer those about them to live in darkness.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven (Matt. 5:16).

An Ancient Altar Found

A press dispatch to the *New York Herald* from the City of Mexico, announces the discovery in that city of the altar of the deity Tezcatllpoca. It was found in the course of some excavations being made in the vicinity of Escalerillas Street. It stood on a base of stones, the height of which cannot be known until further excavations have been made. It is about six feet long, and nearly five feet wide. The hieroglyphs and frescoed pictures on the front of the altar show that it was used for human sacrifices, and some human bones have been found at its base. The method of sacrifice was to select a young man of fine form, without a blemish on his body. Tutors were appointed for him, he was arrayed in splendid clothing, and regaled with choice viands. For a year he was treated with royal honors, and being regarded as a representative of the deity, incense was burned before him, and hymns sung in his honor. Royalty and nobility did him reverence whenever he appeared on the streets, and four of the most beautiful girls in the empire were appointed to attend upon him. At the end of the year of preparation he was led to the temple, his royal robes stripped from him, and he was laid upon the altar. There a priest, armed with a knife of itzel, a volcanic substance harder than flint, stood ready to cut open the body. The heart was taken out and offered to the deity, and the body was afterwards served up in a ghastly feast. The hieroglyphs appear to indicate that thousands of such victims were thus slain. The light this discovery sheds on the awful religion of the Aztecs is saddening. It shows how grievously they had misunderstood the character of God in thinking he could be pleased with refined cruelty. We cannot but pity the poor victims who, after the short period of luxury and revelry, were thus sacrificed. We have learned better now, but even in our time there are such sacrifices. The record in the daily papers of the many suicides of the votaries of sinful pleasure shows how frequently a brief career of revelry ends in a violent death. People in our time who tempt others to begin such a career are far more cruel than the Aztec priests.



BISHOP POTTER PREACHING IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

Thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? (Rom. 2:3).

A Romance of the Antarctic

The members of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition are deeply interested in a marriage which was solemnized recently in Paris. An eminent scientist who was in the expedition was the bridegroom, and a young lady from Philadelphia, who was completing her musical education in Paris, was the bride. The two met for the first time only a year ago. But the professor says that this was not the beginning of his admiration. During the long winter, the party amused themselves by cutting from the magazines they had with them, all the pictures of women they could find and comparing them, that they might decide not only which face was the most beautiful, but which gave indications of the greatest sweetness and purity of character and the highest intellectuality. There was considerable difference of opinion, and each was required to give his reasons for his individual preference. The professor studied the face that seemed to him nearest to the ideal, and advocated with much enthusiasm its claims to the highest place. He grew attached to the face, and was firmly convinced that it belonged to a girl of most lovable disposition. On the return of the party to civilization they visited the Paris Exposition, and during their stay the professor happened to meet a lady whose face resembled the portrait he had so admired. A conversation with her and a comparison of dates proved that she was the original of the portrait. Further acquaintance convinced the professor that he was right in his opinion of the character indicated by the face. He proposed and was accepted, and the marriage has taken place. He declares that he had learned to love his wife during those long dark days before he met her. We can imagine such a thing being possible when a man loves beauty of character more than beauty of features. The Christian, of all men, knows the possibility of such love.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice (I. Peter 1:8).

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. T. C. Ikehara, a young Japanese educated in this country, has been appointed general Sunday School secretary in Japan.

The Rev. J. W. Robinson, of North India Conference, has been elected general secretary of the Epworth League of Southern Asia.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey received an ovation on his visit to Birmingham recently. Large meetings were held in the Town Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. A most cordial welcome was tendered him by clergy and laity.

The Rev. William Arthur, known throughout the religious world as the author of "Tongues of Fire," is in extremely feeble health. The *Methodist Times* of London says that critical news may be received concerning his condition at any time.

Next year is to witness an important movement in the direction of Christian temperance in England. The temperance societies of the Free Churches have united to make the first year of the twentieth century a year of earnest, aggressive work.

Our readers will be glad to learn that a cable message has been received at this office from Bombay, containing the welcome news that Rev. E. F. Frease, the Secretary of our Interdenominational Missionary Committee is making progress toward recovery from his critical illness.

The effort to establish a Young Men's Christian Association in St. Petersburg is succeeding. Already Mr. Franklin Gaylord, the secretary, has received more than five hundred applications for membership. In deference to the wishes of the government, which desires to avoid awakening the prejudices of the national church, the association is called a "Society for Promoting the Physical and Moral Development of Young Men."

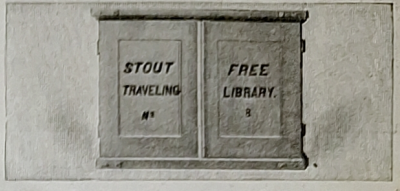
The Business Man Evangelist, Mr. W. Phillips Hall, has invited the ministers of all denominations to a conference in New York, with the view of getting an organized movement inaugurated for pleading with God for a national revival of religion during the coming year. At the conference a committee was appointed to nominate a representative national committee to take steps for united action. Rev. S. V. Robinson was appointed secretary of the committee.

The death of Mr. Robert Arthington, the famous benefactor of missions, is announced. He was the son of a wealthy brewer, who left him an enormous fortune. He abandoned the business and devoted his wealth to the propagation of the Gospel. Wherever he could hear of a district in which the Gospel had not been preached he sought out a missionary society who would undertake the work, and provided the means out of his own pocket. He never married, and lived in the extremest penury, devoting all his income to the missionary cause. He lived at Leeds, England.

THE LIBRARY OPEN

TRAVELING LIBRARY STATION IN A RURAL DISTRICT

BOXED AND READY FOR ITS TRAVELS



FREE · TRAVELING · LIBRARIES · IN · THIRTY · STATES

THE sending of "traveling libraries" to villages and towns, which have no public library of their own, has proved a boon to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the United States. By the introduction of these itinerant collections of books, people in the remotest sections of the country are furnished with the best reading without individual cost. This system of helping rural populations in an educational way was started in New York in 1892.

In that year, Melvil Dewey, librarian of the New York State Library, secured an appropriation to inaugurate a new system of library extension, which was so simple and practical that it was immediately successful, and has since been followed in thirty States. Mr. Dewey bought a number of small libraries of one hundred volumes each. Stations for them were made in a number of villages. A library was sent to a station to remain six months, and, at the end of that period, it was returned to Albany, to be sent out to another station. Thus they became known as "traveling libraries." To secure the preservation and safe return of the books, Mr. Dewey demanded certain pledges. In communities having no public library or accredited school, he required a guarantee signed by twenty-five tax-payers. Each library was sent out in a chest. With it went a library-case, a charging outfit and a number of small, annotated catalogues.

Influenced by the traveling library system of New York, the State of Wisconsin appointed a free library commission with headquarters at the State capital and with the president of the State university, the State Superintendent of Education and the secretary of the State Historical Society as ex-officio members. Public-spirited individuals have purchased large collections of wholesome, readable books, and have divided them into small traveling libraries, each containing thirty volumes. Catalogues of the thirty books in each case are sent out with the library, together with printed rules, a record book and borrowers' blanks. For a fee of one dollar, this traveling library is sent from some central town in the country to a local library association, which employs a secretary for correspondence with the central management, and a librarian for the proper care and circulation of the books. They are usually placed in some farm-house, post-office, country store or railway station, always in somebody's charge.

Dunn county, Wis. in which free traveling libraries circulate, has a population of about 25,000, but most of the people live in scattered hamlets of 300 or 400 inhabitants each. Many are still living in log cabins. One large town, Menomonie, has 8,000 inhabitants, and a beautiful memorial library, of which Senator Stout is a trustee. He found by inquiry that the town library was of very little use to the country people on account of the difficulty of obtaining and returning books. Accordingly, with the aid of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, he instituted the "Stout free traveling libraries" to be circulated from hamlet to hamlet. Mr. Stout's libraries were first put into circulation in May, 1896. The most active worker in this field at present in Wisconsin is Mr. Frank A. Hutchins, secretary of the Free Library Commission, who has kindly furnished THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with some of the facts and figures for this article.

* * *

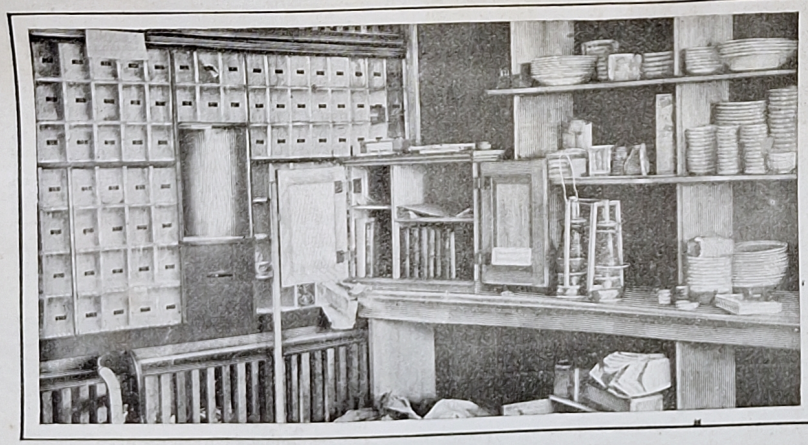
In 1895, the Legislatures of Michigan and Iowa made appropriations for traveling libraries, to be purchased and managed by the librarians of the State libraries. In Michigan, an annual appropriation of $2,500 has been made. In Iowa, the annual appropriation is $2,000. In both States, the system was successful from the start. In 1896, the State Library of Ohio was placed under the charge of a State Library Commission, with authority to use such volumes as could be spared to make traveling libraries. These smaller libraries are made up to suit the needs of the special organizations sending for them, and when returned, the books are merged in the general library. In 1899 the Legislature of Minnesota established a State Library Commission, and gave it $5,000 annually for two years to pay for books for traveling libraries and to provide for their purchase, arrangement, and circulation. In the same year a library commission was established in Maine, and the Legislature appropriated $2,500 for its use in buying traveling libraries.

* * *

Traveling libraries in New Jersey were very recently authorized by the Legislature; and $1,500 was appropriated at the last session, 1899, for their maintenance. The movement was inaugurated by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The new Library Commission will buy twenty or more libraries, of fifty books each. The State Librarian will control the entire system, and arrange to send the traveling libraries to communities which apply for them. Local trustees and local librarians will be responsible for [illegible] which may be retained for six months and then exchanged for another collection. An annual charge of $5 will be made by the Railroad at their city stations. Others will be placed in the offices of the Western Union and American District Telegraph Companies, in charge of one of the officers of the company, who will see that the books are cared for and distributed to the employees. Libraries are also being prepared to be sent to firemen. It is purposed, at the next session of the Legislature, to ask from the State an appropriation sufficient to enable the promoters to develop the system in Pennsylvania.

* * *

The ease with which the new plan of library extension may be adapted to meet various needs may be shown in a rapid summary of the work done by a few systems of traveling libraries. In New Jersey, they have used them to lighten the long winter days and evenings of the brave men who belong to the life-saving service, and that State has now taken up the traveling library as a definite part of the work of its State Library. Women in Salt Lake City send them regularly to remote valleys in Utah. A number of State federations of women's clubs use them to furnish books for study to isolated clubs. One woman in Georgia is devoting herself to the supervision of a system which reaches a number [illegible] villages on the Sea-[illegible] [illegible] up ses [illegible] ern States. [illegible] in [illegible] ington, D. C., puts libraries on the canal boats which ply on the Washington and Potomac Canal in the summer, and "tie up" in small



THE TRAVELING LIBRARY IN A COUNTRY STORE

THE LIBRARY IN A FARM-HOUSE

The work in New York has been steadily growing, and last year the State library in Albany alone sent out nearly six hundred traveling libraries. There are now about five hundred different kinds of libraries for special students and study classes in many branches of literature, science and art, as well as for the general reader. A uniform fee of five dollars is charged for the use of a library of one hundred volumes. Smaller fees are charged for smaller libraries. Not only may any school or circle of readers have the use of a traveling library, but any citizen may have even a single book sent to him in the remotest corner of the State.

There are now about 2,500 traveling libraries, containing about 115,000 volumes, scattered in thirty States. About 1,100 of these were equipped and maintained by State aid. The remainder were purchased by private individuals or associations.

State; but the volumes must be lent by the community to individuals without any charge whatever, except fines for retention of books beyond the time allowed by the general regulations.

* * *

In Pennsylvania, the traveling system is an adjunct to the Free Library of Philadelphia, which consists of a central library and eight active branches. With the cooperation of the Civic Club, nearly 1,000 volumes have been purchased and are being prepared for immediate circulation. They will be placed in boxes holding twenty-five or fifty volumes apiece. Each collection has been chosen from the lists from the New York State traveling libraries. It is proposed to place three or four of these in the custody of the managers of the libraries established by the employees of the Pennsylvania

hamlets in the Blue Ridge Mountains in the winter. The colored graduates of Hampton Institute carry libraries to the schools for their own people at the base of the Cumberland Mountains, while to the "mountain whites" libraries are sent by women's clubs in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama. In Idaho, California, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, and many other States, women's clubs are doing the same work for miners, lumbermen, farmers, and sailors.

The traveling library instructs, inspires and amuses the old as well as the young, and its curriculum is so broad that it helps the housewife in the kitchen, the husbandman in the field, the mechanic in his shop, the teacher in her school, the invalid in the sick-room, the boy in his play, and the citizen in his civic duties. Above all, it leaves no room for bad literature.

G. W.

Beside the Christmas Fire

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Family Altar

FORMERLY, in professed Christian families, the custom of daily worship was universal. In many homes, twice a day, in the morning and in the evening alike, parents and children gathered, and there was reading of the Bible, either by the father or by the family, a verse about, followed by prayer; often, too, a hymn was sung. The custom was sacred and beautiful, and connected the household as a unit with the Great Father's house above. In our day, it is to be feared that family prayers are falling out of fashion. Men who live according to a train schedule are hurried in one end of the day and wearied in the other. Young people growing up have numerous engagements, and chafe at the delay involved in waiting for family worship when their eyes are on the clock, and they want to be up and away on their personal errands. For one or another cause, prayers are postponed or interrupted and cease to be the rule, so that little children are not brought up in the habit of acknowledging God as the king and arbiter and friend of their lives. There is a letting down of the bars and a flooding in of evil in consequence.

Familiarity with the Scriptures, by the frequent repetition of psalms, proverbs and Gospels in the hearing of the ear is a very desirable thing. Children who heard Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Malachi, read again and again in their youth, knew Moses and the [illegible] in A deplorable ignorance [illegible] thank [illegible] our period, and [illegible] ds. God bless [illegible] *lack of family religion, for we [illegible] do not honor the Bible by its reading and study in the presence of the children, the latter will neglect it for other books.*

When a child is far from home, a wanderer from the fold, or when on the enterprise of business, or at the mandate of duty, he has gone away from the old roof tree, the recollection of the daily prayer in the sitting-room at morning and at night, is like a soft yet strong hand holding him fast to the associations of youth, and keeping him in line with God. In many an hour of temptation, in many a storm of woe, in many a critical hour, that memory may be his salvation.

Five to seven minutes is all that is absolutely required for family worship. The service may be longer, but it need not be. A hymn may be sung, a chapter read, and a prayer offered in seven minutes. If the father cannot pray extemporaneously, there are little manuals of devotion which are helpful, or the family itself, with the parents, may recite "Our Father which art in heaven." The blessedness of family worship in the morning hallows the day; its sweetness at evening gives a new softness to the pillow at night.

Telling Domestic Grievances

Nobody with real self-respect relates family affairs of an unfortunate variety to anybody outside the family. A wife loses a great deal of dignity when she breathes a complaint of her husband into the ear of her most intimate friend. To do men justice they seldom sin in this way. As a rule a man bears his griefs in silence. But to some women speech seems almost a necessity, and in moods of depression or when the occasion has been very trying they break through the barriers of reserve and tell a third party secrets which should not pass their lips. This is always unwise and is usually regretted. It is also very embarrassing for the confidant. On her part it is safe not to give advice. Whatever she says she may be sorry for.

No Time to Read

With a genuine heart-hunger for books there are many women who never have time to read. I would say to such, take some of the time you spend on other things. Do not make so many pretty frocks for your little girls, nor so many rich pies for your dinner table. Take a half hour or an hour by daylight, and feed your mind. Let the boys, as well as the girls, help you in the housework. A boy will thank you ten years hence, and twenty years hence his wife may thank you for having taught him how to cook. No knowledge which is worth having ever comes amiss to anybody.

The End of the Century

Good-bye to you, wonderful nineteenth century. You have given us gas, and kerosene, and electricity, the ocean cable, and the telegraph, and telephone; you have given us the sewing machine, the power loom, the automobile, and the trolley. Steam never found out what it could do until you came along. Luxury hitherto undreamed of has been made our ordinary state, by means of your discoveries and appliances. Travel has become swift, safe, economical, and replete with comfort. Good-bye, dear busy century. As you join the shadowy ages you take our blessing with you.

THE POOR AT OUR GATES

Home Life of President McKinley

Our President and his wife are patterns of republican simplicity in their manner of life. Making allowance for the difference between residence in the White House (an exceedingly plain abode for the Chief Executive of this mighty nation) and the home at Canton, the housekeeping and service in the McKinley *regime* are most unostentatious. The President's breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are much like our own; the courses are neither multiplied nor elaborate, and there is no waste in the domestic economy. State dinners are formal and costly functions, they must be properly given, and they make a hole in the President's income. But Mr. McKinley does not invite guests to state dinners every day.

The sweet and gracious lady who is our President's wife, is an invalid, but she, nevertheless, performs her duties with winning and tactful urbanity, and it is evident to all that she holds the heart of her huband in lover-like fealty. He never forgets her, and she is associated with all his joys and cares.

Is Theft Growing Common?

The question was asked at a mothers' club the other day, and the majority answered it in the affirmative. If they were right the outlook is sad for our nation, unspeakably sad. Are we getting away from family religion? Is the fear of God taught as well as God's love? Are our boys and young men brought up in church-going ways? Does the Sunday newspaper not usurp the place formerly occupied by the pulpit? Are we training our sons in rigid honesty? An old fashioned man wants to know what the mothers—and the fathers—are going to do about it.

ROBIN ADAIR.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WILLIAM D. There is no rule about popping the question. Do so in the way you prefer.

—PUZZLED MAIDEN. The man is not worth a second thought. Let him carry his attentions elsewhere.

—EMMELINE. If in doubt about the use of any fork or spoon at a dinner table, observe your hostess and follow her example.

—MARGERIE. Answer a dinner invitation as soon as you can after you receive it. Having accepted it, you cannot break the engagement lightly.

—ROSEBUD. It is immaterial. Ask your friend to bring his sister to see you, if she is a school-girl visiting in the place, or go yourself and call on her.

—R. S. V. P. These letters mean "Answer, if you please." P. P. C. means to take leave, and is occasionallly, but very seldom, written on a visiting card by a person going abroad.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The flower you did not send, dear,
The letter you did not write,
The word you did not say, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
And the gentle, winning tone,
You had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find,
They come in night and silence
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has fallen in faith.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Poor at Our Gates

OUR dear Lord never said a truer word in all his words of truth than that the poor ye have always with you. When the holiday mirth makes bright our homes, there is a special pathos in the thought that there are homeless men and women in the world, men and women who are cold and famished, who are out of work, and who know not where to turn for relief. The appeal of the wandering mother, holding her baby closely wrapped up in her loving arms, is not made in vain at the castle door. The little princess herself, cherished child of the house, with her ancestral beads around her neck and her favorite dog by her side, carries out a basin of warm broth for the weary wayfarer, and the housekeeper and nurse, who hovers in the doorway, utters a friendly and compassionate word. The mother and her child! They always successfully call on the heart of humanity. In any of our crowded street cars, for instance, rough men and polished alike, rise to give a seat to the woman who enters carrying a child, and the beggar soliciting alms is able to break down the most iron-clad conviction that charity should not be indiscriminate. We cannot refuse the plea of the child, and the mother, however poor and distressed, who has her babe in her arms, is always a madonna. There is a pretty illustration of this in Maurice Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy* in which he shows a mother everywhere respected, everywhere civilly treated, because the people think her the Madonna of the Peach Tree. And yet she is only a peasant woman in sore distress, who appears in strange places, with the babe's round head peeping out under her cloak.

Mine and Thine in Home Life

In some homes all the property seems to be held in common as it was by the early Christians. Nothing is owned by anyone individually. Everything is ours. The plan has distinct disadvantages. If the daughters are privileged to make a raid on mother's bureau drawer whenever they are going out, how is mother going to have clean collars, handkerchiefs and ties of her own. If Mary helps herself to Jane's gloves and boots, how shall Jane present a creditable appearance when she takes her walks abroad? I do not approve of such indiscriminate management. It is far better that every child and every adult in the house shall possess personal belongings, and borrowing should be sparingly practiced.

COUSIN MARIA.

A Prayer of Augustine

Thou, O Lord, who commandest me to ask, grant that I may receive. Thou hast put me upon seeking, let me be happy in finding. Thou hast bidden me knock; I pray thee open unto me. Be graciously pleased to direct and govern all my thoughts and actions, that, for the future, I may serve thee and entirely devote myself to obeying thee. Accept me, draw me to thyself, who am already all thine own.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE TIGER

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

CHAPTER II. (Continued)

BEFORE he could reply the swinging door was pushed wide open and through it there entered three of the councilmen of the "wets," attended by a choice retinue of half a dozen selected retainers.

Their leader went straight up to the bar and addressed himself to Joe Travers with rough directness: "Look here, Joe, I've just heard something. It's mighty queer, and I 'spose there's some mistake, but if there isn't its got to be settled right away. Is it so that you haven't voted to-day?"

"Don't get excited, Jim. I heard that you'd voted early and often and——"

The other brought his fist down with an oath. "This is no joke," he shouted, "Answer my question, or I'll know why. Only a moment ago I heard that you had shown the white feather and hadn't——"

CHAPTER III.

"Hold on, Jim. Don't make a fool of yourself. What put up the stuff to buy the boys in the factory? Who fixed the section gang? Who's worked night and day, tooth and nail, to get this election fixed so that we can't lose?"

"That's all very well for a bluff," replied the other, "but it don't go for an answer to my question. Have you voted to-day?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," said Joe, surlily. "I answer fool questions for no man, and you know it."

"Then it's true," cried the enraged man. "Do you hear that, boys! Sold out his vote to a Soda-water Bottle; he's tied to the apron strings of his precious——"

With a cry like that of an infuriated animal, Joe Travers sprang over the bar and seized his taunter by the throat. In the midst of the confused uproar he reached the entrance with his helpless prisoner, and pushing the doors wide open with a kick he flung the man out into the street as though he were a feather. As he did so the sudden fury of the crowd culminated, and a shot rang out. A puff of smoke passed before his eyes, and in the instant's daze of his sight a woman fell heavily at his feet in the doorway. Bending down through the faint mist of the blur, he looked into her face. Lying there, a tiny stream of blood trickling out of the bosom of her gown, the rain falling on her still, white features, lay—his mother.

He staggered for an instant; then he caught her up in his strong arms like a man demented, crying out, "Mother! mother! mother!" madly.

The crowd scattered like chaff before the wind.

"Bring her in here," said the voice of the kindly German woman next door, the first words of reason that any one thought to utter.

While messengers fled with all haste for physicians and surgeons, those who crowded into that little room never forgot the sight, nor was there one who was not melted by the utter prostration of Joe Travers.

As she lay like marble, majestic in her white silence, a low murmur greeted the arrival of one who cried in suppressed tones of excitement, "Where is she?" and then Joe Travers, raising his wild eyes, saw standing by him his father.

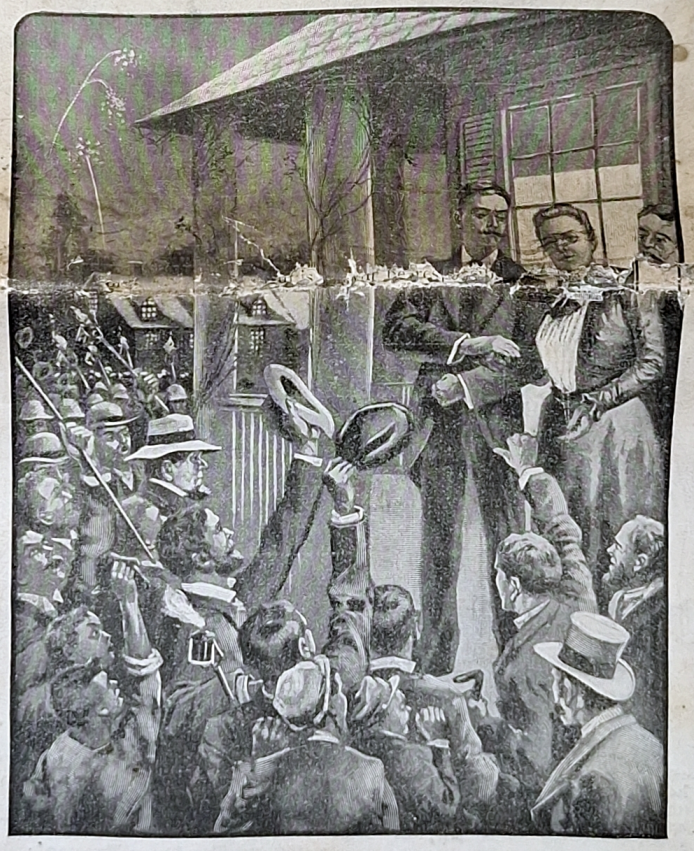
"Father! father!" he cried. "Oh, look at her! Oh, this is my work! No, don't look at me like that. I didn't do it. I don't know who did; but I'm to blame. Oh, can you forgive me? Can you forgive me?"

The face of the elder Travers was filled with an incredulous anguish as he looked at his wife, but as his eyes rested on his son, shaking in that palsy of repentance. He said brokenly, "I forgive you, but God only knows how I can bear this. I cannot give her up."

"Oh, is it too late? Mother! mother!"

The two men threw themselves sobbing into each other's arms and as they passionately uttered words of endearment to that voiceless figure, her eyes opened, looked surprisedly into the faces bent above her, and then, half inarticulately, came the words, "What—is—it? Joe—father—I—am—glad to—see you."

What followed within the next moment or two was indescribably pathetic. She did not seem to realize that anything had happened to her; she only knew that these two, long estranged, and so dear to her, were there together. She smiled and placed their hands together, saying only, "How nice of you to come home, Joe."



"THEY WENT OUT, ARM AND ARM, TO THE BALCONY"

"Will it take an eternity for any one to get here?" cried the husband. At this instant an authoritative figure pushed his way through the crowd and said brusquely, "This room must be cleared at once. All of you will leave except those whom I say may stay."

Silently waiting, in what tense feeling may not be told in words, Joe Travers and his father sat together in the little kitchen. Presently the door opened and the doctor came out. "She will live," he said; "it is not even dangerous. The ball passed out through her shoulder. It is only a flesh wound. She wishes to see you."

Half staggering in his reaction from agony to joy, Joe followed his father into the room. There he broke down once more, and, throwing himself on his knees by her, burst into tears.

"Never mind, my boy," said the mother, "I'm not hurt at all. The doctor says it's not much more than what a man shot in battle would call a scratch, and I was shot in battle; so, I'll call it a scratch, too. It's all right, just so you and father have made up, and you'll come home, won't you?"

Joe Travers sprang to his feet with another of those swift changes characteristic of him. "Come home! mother! Yes, I'll come home to-night, and I'll do more—I'll close my saloon forever. I'll do anything in the world if you will forgive me for all I have done."

"Forgive you, my boy—of course I forgive you. Don't you know, I have always loved you. Joe! Joe!—it seems too good to be true! I never was so happy in my life. Kiss me, my boy."

"Be careful, Diana," said Mr. Travers. "You must not excite yourself. Everything is all right now and you must rest. Perhaps you are elected," he suggested, smiling.

"Perhaps I am elected," replied Mrs. Travers, "or perhaps"—she paused and turned her eyes on Joe. Who was elected? Who, indeed?

His father drew out his watch and looked at it.

"It is half-past five," he said. "One of you has been elected mayor of Belle Centre."

Then Joe Travers spoke:

"Mother, I had not voted yet awhile ago when—when that happened, but I'm going to now. I'm going down to the polls to vote for you, and I only wish that my vote alone could elect you. It won't, but I'll do the best I can. If you're elected I'll work with you, and if I'm elected"—he paused—"I'll close the Blue Tiger forever and atone for this night's work if I can."

Silently, gazing at him with eyes that were filled with a dazzling joy, she reached up her arms and drew his head down to her face, breathing only: "O God! I thank thee for this hour——"

He raised himself, and stopping only to say, "I'll be back soon," he rushed out of the house. Running swiftly toward the square, he saw as he passed the open road leading southward out of the town a dark moving line approaching the village. Full well he knew what that dark line was—it was the men of the section gang, laborers on the railroad, who were compelled to go to their work before the polls opened, and now they had knocked off work half an hour earlier than usual and were on their way to cast a solid vote for him. Had he not "fixed" them?

His swiftly running feet had not taken three steps more before he turned sharply at right angles southward on the open road and ran faster than before to the railroad crossing, and thence down the track.

As he ran a powerful voice in the moving line advancing through the rain sung out the first [illegible] John Brown's Body [illegible] he sees or is caught up by [illegible] in [illegible] forty odd, and [illegible] approached each other, the *hatless, flying man and the dark, marching line, marked by the rhythm of the song.* "*Glory, glory, hallelujah!* As we go marching on!"

"Stop!" he shouted; "stop a minute, boys! I've got something to say to you."

"Why, Joe," said the leader, stepping forward, "what's the matter?"

For answer he leaped onto a pile of ties and cried out:

"Listen to me. Less than an hour ago my mother was shot on the steps of my saloon while I was throwing out a coward who would have insulted her. She's not much hurt, but it might have killed her, and that's enough for me. Boys, you know me. I'm done now. I've quit—quit the business forever, and I want you to help me. I hadn't voted yet, but now I'm going to vote for my mother. I don't want your votes—they're no good to me now. What I want to ask you is this: Will any of you go to the polls with me and vote for my mother?"

From out the astonished silence of the crowd there arose a hoarse, indeterminate murmur. Then out stepped a man from the rest.

"Your mother's a lady and a Christian, Joe, and I'll vote for her for one. I'm with you, Joe."

"And so am I!"

"And so am I!"

"Turncoat!" shouted an angry voice.

"Turncoat or no turncoat," cried Joe Travers, fiercely, "I'll stand up for my mother. Is there any of you so lost to decency that he can see a woman, and that woman his own mother, shot down in cold blood and not resent it! Answer me, have any of the rest of you got mothers?"

He who had cried "turncoat" slunk away, grumbling, and was followed by two or three growling profanely in their throats of "treachery" and "babyism."

"Go ahead, Joe, we're ready," sung out the foreman.

"Then come on, quick; there's no time to lose. Start that song again and let 'em know we're coming."

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave—"

They tramped in a double-quick step up the track—

"As we go marching on—"

They reached the crossing and turned into the road—"Glory, glory, hallelu-jah—"

They gained the edge of the town, and were recruited by dozens—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave—"

Surrounded by the cheering populace, they swept on to the square. In front, Joe Travers, hatless, striding determinedly—

"As we go marching on—"

They drew up at the poling place. As Joe Travers walked into the poling booth of the "drys" a mighty shout went up, and, amid wild cheering, the forty odd votes were quickly deposited. As the last man turned away, the clock struck six and the polls closed.

Three hours later Mrs. Travers, resting comfortably, lay on a lounge in her own home, surrounded by her family and friends, including all of her associates on the ticket of the "drys."

Up the street floated the sound of martial strains and the tramping of many feet. Nearer it came, and nearer—paused in front of the lawn—and there was loud shouting: "Three cheers for the Mayor!"

"It's you, mother; I know it is," said Joe.

"Give me your arm, my son," she replied, and thus, followed by her retinue, they went out, arm in arm, to the balcony, lit up by the flames of many torches.

"There she is," arose the cry. "There she is! Three cheers for the Mayor!"

Pale and weak, she gathered herself up, and cried in resonant tones: "I thank you, my friends. God bless you all. You must excuse me now."

She turned toward Joe. Another impulse struck the jubilant crowd.

"What's the matter with Joe Travers?"

And the torches flickered with the vibrations of the stentorian reply:

"He's—all—right."

As the procession, still cheering on general principles, passed the Blue Tiger, the torches showed distinctly a sign reading: "Closed—Joe Travers." Whereat they cheered again.

As to the mysterious shot, every one knew now that the responsibility could never be definitely fixed, but as three of the toughest characters of the village had secretly boarded the train three miles south of town with the information that they were "skipping the blasted town for good," it was generally understood that if they stayed skipped, the matter would be dropped.

It was one week later that Joe Travers stood on the platform of the largest church in Belle Centre. The Mayor sat with the pastors of the churches on the great platform, surrounded by the city council, the clerk and some distinguished invited guests from adjoining towns who were on hand to see "how it worked."

He had just finished his speech. "It was the happiest moment of my life when I cast that vote for my mother, and it is to her, and to the good women of this village, that I owe it all. I thank God for my mother's prayers, for her tears, for her undying love and persistence, for her unfaltering determination. And further, good people, I ask all of you to forgive me for the evil I have caused in this town. My father and mother have forgiven me, and I trust that Christ also has pardoned me, for by his help the rest of my life shall be devoted to his service. I have offered all that I have and am to the Lord, and if you will let me help you as well as I can, I will gladly be the humblest worker of you all in the making of our little city a model for others. Not for my sake, but for the sake of these —" he pointed to the women—"I ask you to think of me with as little harshness as you can, and let me show by the rest of my life that I mean what I say."

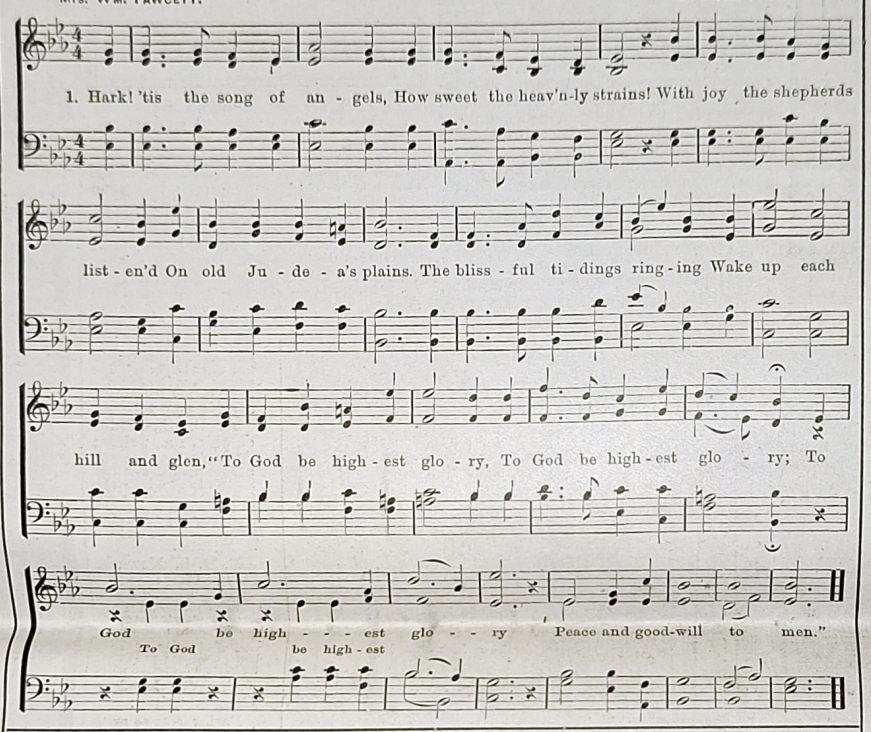
* * *

There could be but one outcome to such forces set in motion. In less than a year Belle Centre was practically another town, so far as the administration of its municipal affairs was concerned. The saloons were closed, despite the reckless threats made at first by the tough element, which did not propose to be downed by the "Mammas." Nor was Belle Centre injured by the fact that several who could not stand the changed order of things, got out, sans ceremony. The street paving and lighting were materially improved, and incidentally the manner in which public funds had been misappropriated came to light; a public park was laid out, the library enlarged, and a lecture course provided. When you want to hear these things well told you should hear them—as I did—told by a well-known citizen of Belle Centre, Mr. Joseph Travers, Jr., at what was once the sign of the Blue Tiger, but now the leading restaurant and coffee-house of the town.

[THE END]

"Hark! 'Tis the Song of Angels"

Mrs. Wm. Fawcett. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Hark! 'tis the song of an - gels, How sweet the heav'n-ly strains! With joy the shepherds
list - en'd On old Ju - de - a's plains. The bliss - ful ti - dings ring - ing Wake up each
hill and glen, "To God be high - est glo - ry, To God be high - est glo - ry; To
God be high - - - est glo - - ry Peace and good-will to men."
To God be high - est

2 Come bow in adoration,
At Bethlehem's lowly shrine.
And our glad homage render
To the Christ-Child divine,
Who laid aside His glory,
Who left His throne above,
‖: Led by divine compassion, :‖
Moved by redeeming love.

3 Then join the angels' chorus,
Proclaim the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God for ever,
Jesus has come to earth.
Lay your best gifts before Him,
Your hearts' devotion bring,
‖: Hail Him with loud hosannas, :‖
Our Saviour and our King!

Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, New York

GOSPEL LIGHT . . . IN CUBAN PRISONS

GOOD news comes from Jaruco, where a branch of "El Faro Cristiano" (Christian Lighthouse) Mission, of Aguacate, was recently established, as readers of this paper will remember. Arthur W. Dowe, Director of El Faro Cristiano, writes from Jaruco:

We have just held two public meetings in a crowded house. Doors, windows, court and street were filled with people anxious to hear about the "free religion" that is to accompany "free Cuba" in her future growth and progress. Not only the poor but the rich and those in authority, among whom are the "Alcalde" (Mayor) and his wife are to be found in the throng listening to the "buenas nuevas" (good news.) The demand for Spanish Protestant literature and Bibles is great. Mr. Arthur Pain and myself will soon start on our tour to open new stations. We have three good-sized cities in mind that have never heard a Protestant missionary. Thus far the treatment we have received has been universally courteous.

The officials have given us access to the prison and hospital here. Arthur Pain, of whose conversion at El Faro Cristiano I wrote an account a few weeks ago, has been specially helpful in the prison work. To-day we knelt on the stone floors of that institution, with three prisoners, who yielded their hearts to Jesus, and accepted him as their Saviour. This makes seven conversions in the prison, leaving only one prisoner, a very desperate and hard character, unconverted. We want him also. People are amazed at our methods and success. They say there must be something in a religion which sends its followers after the outcasts behind the bars, and which has power to change wicked men into useful, law-abiding citizens. El Faro Cristiano (the Christian Lighthouse) will endeavor to spread the light of the Gospel throughout all Cuba.

A few days after the reception of the above another letter came from Mr. Dowe. It read:

The last prisoner in the jail has been converted, making eight in all who have surrendered to God. Probably in the whole world there is not to be found a jail like this in Jaruco, where all the prisoners love and confess the Lord Jesus. Now we pray for the conversion of the guards and keepers of the institution.

GRATEFUL WORDS FROM INDIA

From Secretary Wm. C. Hannum of the American Presbyterian Mission in Western India, a cordial letter has been received enclosing the action of the Presbyterian Mission Board, as follows:

Extract from Minutes of American Presbyterian Mission in Western India, October 30th, 1900.

"The following resolution was adopted by a rising vote: That the Mission place on record its gratitude to Dr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to the Contributors to the HERALD'S Famine Fund, for the bountiful and timely aid given to the Mission in the relief of famine sufferers in this region, and our belief that much distress has been alleviated and MANY LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED THROUGH THAT AID, and that IT IS BEING PROVIDENTIALLY USED IN TURNING THE HEARTS OF IDOLATERS TO THE TRUE GOD: and that the Secretary be directed to communicate this action to Dr. Klopsch."

Delighted With His Premium

This letter from a New York subscriber speaks for itself:

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the premium—a Calendar and *Masterpieces of American Eloquence*, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I consider it the best premium I have ever received for the money, the book alone being worth more than the two dollars paid for the whole. To show my appreciation, I have solicited a few friends, and at least three will become subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for next year. Wishing for your exemplary Christian paper a large circulation. WM. CANN.

Learning About Jesus

A little reader in Middleboro, Mass., writes as follows:

Dear Editor:—You sent me a Red Letter Testament a year ago. I have read out of it every day. I know quite a lot about Jesus now. My uncle takes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are so glad it does so much good. I will be twelve years old next July. This is my third year in school. I am in the sixth grade. The first Testament story I learned was the Prodigal Son. GEORGE PROVOST.

Cordial Appreciation

"The most delightful paper I ever read." A. G. D., Plymouth, Mass.

"We always feel cheerful when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD enters our humble home. Its pages carry a lesson to the mind and, still deeper, to the soul." Mrs. Mary S. B., Lansing, Mich.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENJAMIN

PRAIRIE HOMES

For City Children

IT was a beautiful parlor in an elegant residence on a fashionable avenue in New York City. A broad stone stairway led up to the handsome entrance, where the door opened before the caller could ring, stately ladies, quietly but richly gowned, received the visitor, and passed him or her into the great drawing-rooms where many people sat in waiting. Soft music from piano and violins greeted the ear.

At one end of the long rooms—the same end with the piano and violins—were a group of men and women in blue and red uniforms. One of the women—tall, slender, distinguished-looking—wore a crest on her collar and five silver stars on her shoulder-strap. Beside her, robed in black silk, stood a lovely lady, whose gentle face was crowned with snowy hair. This lady, mistress of the beautiful home, was saying:

"Everywhere I went last summer I saw the Salvation Army at work; and its work was good. I think you will be interested to hear this afternoon of a new enterprise which that organization has undertaken for the children of our great cities, from its highest authority on the subject—Consul Booth-Tucker."

The Consul faced an audience of men and women who are taking the obligations imposed by wealth and culture seriously, and who had left business or pleasure, just to listen to the needs of children of the poor and to the Salvation Army's plan for the relief of those who by reason of orphanage, desertion, or parental surrender, become its wards. She told the story of her "Scheme for the Babies" from its inception to the present time; of the Army's crowded orphanages and nurseries, and particularly of the Cherry Tree Home for Waifs and Strays, which came into existence at Rutherford, N. J., some three years ago, and which is now entirely inadequate to meet the demands upon it, even though Colonel Higgins, the officer in charge of all Army work for children, is willing to have the whole floor space covered with little beds. Said the Consul:

"The mother of five children—the wife of a drunken husband—came to me with her story of destitution. 'It's agony to part with me little boys,' she said, 'but I've made up me mind to it. And if I give 'em up to the Army they'll grow up good men.' Think of it! We had no room, we could not take them. Soon after I journeyed to our Farm Colony in Colorado, and there I had a revelation. Why not transplant the Cherry Tree Home to these rolling prairies, where there's room for all the children we can bring, where health comes on every breeze, where work is plenty, where children will be removed from the evil associations of city life while the city is in some measure relieved of its teeming thousands?

"That revelation has borne fruit. We now have a stone building at our colony ready to receive one hundred. Mrs. Higgins and I will soon start West with them. Captain Benjamin will be Mother of the Home. Other buildings will go up as fast as means are provided. We hope to make the Home to a great extent self-supporting, once it is started. Boys and girls will be taught to work. There will be sewing, housework, chores, care of the farmyard, its cows, geese, chickens and dairy, to say nothing of orchards, vegetable gardens and the rolling acres ready for conversion into fields of waving grain at the magic touch of our older boys. Our children can grow up into farm owners."

CHERRY TREE HOME FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, RUTHERFORD, N. J.

An officer held up to the Consul a pretty tot, white and soft as a snowball in her wool cloak. "This is a Cherry Tree baby," said the Consul. "We have taken her into our own home in the place of Evangeline, our little American-born baby who died."

At the close of the meeting, some cards with tiny pencils attached, were passed among the guests. Opposite her name one lady wrote "$1,000." Others subscribed generous sums. The rich people who take their wealth seriously were interested, too, to hear of the plans of the winter relief work of the Army; the Christmas basket-dinners for 15,000 persons; and the great Christmas dinner in Madison Sq. Garden for thousands more.

Soon after this meeting there was a great wedding in the Salvation Army Headquarters, when Col. Alice Lewis, next to the Consul the most prominent Army woman in America, was married to her aide, Capt. Johnson. A band of little Cherry Tree children, looking pretty and soft in their white woolen garments, furnished a part of the musical programme; and members of the large crowd who came to the wedding made it an occasion to remember the Prairie Home in contributions—which introduced the novelty of giving bridal presents to a good cause rather than to the happy pair. Commander Booth-Tucker performed the ceremony. The simple, solemn service is a lesson; the contracting parties pledge themselves to encourage each other in service to God and man; the vow not only binds each to each but consecrates two to God. The building was bright with flags, and merry with tinkle of bells, and music of flutes and violins.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company Will Issue Clerical Orders for 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that clerical orders will be issued for the year 1901 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near the line of its road.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the General Office soon as possible, so that orders may be mailed December 31 to clergymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clergymen when made on blanks furnished by the Company and certified to by one of its agents.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. L. S., Omaha, Neb., writes:
God heard my prayer and helped my loved one.

Reader, Beemerville, N. J., writes:
In answer to prayer, God lifted my troubles far beyond my reach and sight. I am sure he will help all who have faith in him.

Mother, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:
A loved one was being led astray. I prayed earnestly, and God has answered my prayer by placing him in a position where he will be under the best possible influences.

S. R. A., Gainesville, Tex., writes:
Having during the past week to give up an only daughter, I prayed our Heavenly Father, as her precious life ebbed away, to stop the great pain she was suffering, and then added, "Not my will, but thine be done." The prayer was heard; her life closed as if she were going into a sweet sleep.

A. B. S., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:
I was in great trouble and the outlook was dark indeed. I asked help from my Heavenly Father. He has answered my prayer, and now I give God praise from a grateful and believing heart.

B. D. J., Newark, N. J., writes:
Having read the answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was encouraged to more faithful prayer for friends who were in great trouble. God has answered and they have found help.

C. W., London, Canada, writes:
Having seen so many beautiful answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (which has been a welcome visitor to our home for the past twelve years) I felt renewed in faith for my son. I believe in prayer, for the Lord has answered me many times, but I felt very anxious about my dear boy. He had wandered from the Shepherd's fold. After reading "Answered Prayers" I asked the dear Lord with new faith, to bring him back. After I was praying three days, he came and said: "Dear mother, I have decided to live for the Lord." A prayer for another child in trouble has been answered. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

ROYAL

is greatest of all the baking powders in purity, strength, healthfulness

YOU CERTAINLY WILL
—if you order fence from us once you are certain to do it again.
THE ADVANCE FENCE
is sold direct from the factory to the farmer at wholesale prices. You get the best price. Entirely interwoven. No loose ends. Many heights. Write for free circulars and special prices.
ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 Old St., Peoria, Ill.

Run Down

That is the condition of thousands of people who need the stimulus of pure blood—that's all.

They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie R. Swink, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify as many others have done to the wonderful building-up efficacy of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purified their blood, gave them strength and vigor, restored their appetite and made their sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

[Buy a bottle of Hood's to-day.]

PIANO AND ORGAN COMPENDIUM FREE

On receipt of your request we will send, charges paid anywhere, the finest Compendium of Cornish American Pianos and Organs ever issued. It will prove to you that you can save from 25 to 100 per cent. and show you how we send our instruments on

ONE YEAR'S Free TRIAL.

We offer you the Compendium with its elegant colored frontispiece representing ST. CECILIA—a full description of over 50 styles of the finest Pianos and Organs the world produces, sold at prices that show marvelous value for money invested; also our reference book, "The Heart of the People," and our ever popular special offers for 1901.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Write for it to-day, and mention this paper. An early reply will entitle you to a Cash Bonus of $30 on Pianos and $10 on Organs. Full particulars of our Co-partnership plan are also sent, showing how you can get

A Piano or Organ Free.

Thousands are co-operating with us. Oblige us by sending for the FREE COMPENDIUM and all EXTRAS. Address the only firm of actual manufacturers of High-Grade Pianos and Organs selling direct to the general public exclusively at Factory Cost.

CORNISH & CO.
(ESTAB. 50 YEARS).
WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

FROM $25.00
Cash or Installments.

MARGARET SANGSTER'S IDEAL XMAS GIFT BOOK
Just Ready. Handsomely Illustrated, $1.25
WINSOME WOMANHOOD
The latest from the pen of this gifted author. Mrs. Sangster talks delightfully and suggestively of the many problems girls and women must face. A sympathetic conception of life's highest ideals. The book is an exquisite specimen of modern book-making. Initials reproduced from lace handkerchiefs. Illustrated by studies from life by W. B. Dyer.
FREE To Christian Herald Readers. Mention this paper when sending us $1.25, and receive free a handsome 50c. Art Calendar, all postpaid.
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
New York, 158 Fifth Ave. Chicago, 63 Washington St.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS
TO A LIMITED NUMBER
IN Electrical, Mech'n'l, Marine, Stationary or Locomotive (Including Mechn'l Drawing) ENGINEERING
American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.
(Chartered by Commonwealth of Massachusetts)

ORNAMENTAL LAWN FENCE

Cheaper than wood. Special Prices to Churches and Cemeteries. Strong, Durable and Cheap. Catalogue Free.
COILED SPRING FENCE CO. Box D. Winchester, Indiana.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
ISN'T THIS FAIR?
You get this Bantam Hatcher, fill it with eggs and test it thoroughly. If satisfied you pay us $5 for it. It often hatches 50 chicks from 50 eggs. Send 4 cents for Catalogue No. 60
Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, Ohio.

326 FIRST PREMIUMS
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.
Prairie State Incubator Co.
Homer City, Pa.

WALKED OUT.

On Food, After Being Given Up.

Lack of knowledge regarding the kind of food to give to people, particularly invalids, frequently causes much distress, whereas when one knows exactly the kind of food to give to quickly rebuild the brain and nerve centres, that knowledge can be made use of.

A young Chicago woman says: "Other instances of the wonderful qualities possessed by Grape-Nuts food are shown in my grandmother's and mother's cases. Grandmother's entire left side became totally paralyzed, from a ruptured capillary of the brain. The doctor said it would be impossible for her to live a week. She could not take ordinary food and we put her on Grape-Nuts, in an effort to do all for her we could.

"To the astonishment of the doctor and the delight of all of us, she slowly rallied and recovered. It was pronounced the first case of the kind on record. The doctor said nothing could have produced this result but food.

"We had been led to use Grape-Nuts because of the effect on mother. She has been troubled with a weak stomach all her life, and the last few years been gradually losing weight and strength. She has tried everything, almost, that has been recommended by good authority, and until she used Grape-Nuts food, nothing seemed to do her any good. Since taking up Grape-Nuts she has been constantly improving until now she is free from any of the stomach troubles, and is strong and well. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Keep Dry!
Keep Well!
Keep Warm!

Sold everywhere.

ALL STYLES, AND WEARERS EVERY ONE.

HOOD RUBBER CO., Boston, Mass.

Fresh Air and Sunshine

are essential to the invalid. We build to order every size and style of

WHEEL CHAIR and TRICYCLE

for Cripples and Invalids.

We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work. Catalogue free on request.

F. A. FAY TRICYCLE & INVALID CHAIR CO., Elyria, Ohio.

Good Health for $5.00

The Robinson Vapor ...BATH CABINET...

Purify your Blood Before Hot Weather

Positively removes Rheumatism, Kidney and Stomach trouble. It makes you clean and well. The ONLY patent Screen Folding Cabinet made. Get no other. WE WANT GOOD AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

We want bright, energetic men and women to open branch offices for us in every city and town. Most liberal commissions. One representative made $200 in first 20 days, another made $875 in a month, others $5 to $10 a day and upwards. Why work on a small salary when you can make much more money representing us. Write to-day for full particulars.

THE ROBINSON CO.
901-917 Jefferson Street, Toledo, Ohio

It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be eradicated. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. Mailed free with valuable booklet. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

Do you Play? The Simplex Chord Method teaches you to play vocal or instrumental accompaniments, on piano or organ, in a few days, without previous knowledge of music. $1.00 prepaid. Money back if you want it. Capt. Geo. Totten, Somerville, N. J.

PLAYS Best List of New Plays. 325 Nos. Dialogs, Speakers, Hand Books. Catalog free. T. S. DENISON, Pub., Dept. 23, Chicago

Schools That Never Change

THEY ARE IN CHINA, AND THEY HAVE TAUGHT THE SAME SYSTEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS

IT is quite safe to say that the antiquated educational system which prevails through the wide domains of the Emperor of China, is responsible for a large share of the present disturbances. No institution in the Middle Kingdom is more conservative in its tendency than the school. The Chinese have a profound veneration for the schoolmaster and for letters, the instrument of learning. So much is the latter the case that even in Hong Kong may be observed small boxes, like letter boxes, attached to the walls for the reception of every piece of waste paper having the sacred Chinese characters upon it, to prevent its being trampled under the foot of the passer-by. The Civil Service, from the highest to the lowest branches, is recruited from the ranks of the people by open competition. Any young man, not being a descendant within four generations of an actor, executioner, jailer, or woman of bad character, may rise to the highest posts in the realm if he can manage to pass, by fair means or foul, the requisite literary examinations. The candidate's ability is tried by giving him a text taken from "The Four Books," or "The Five Classics," and shutting him up in a cell for two or three days without books or notes. At the end of that time he produces a literary essay on stereotyped lines, and his position is determined by the relative merit of this one work.

The "Four Books" are the "Confucian Analytics," the "Great Learning," the "Golden Medium" and the "Sayings of Mercius." The "Five Classics" comprise the "Book of Changes," the "Book of History," the "Spring and Summer Annals," the "Book of Odes" and the "Book of Rites." These are the Alpha and Omega of Chinese scholarship. A man requires nothing more to be admitted to the highest social and political influences: he may have a supreme contempt for modern learning and may know absolutely nothing of the inventions and discoveries of the last 2000 years.

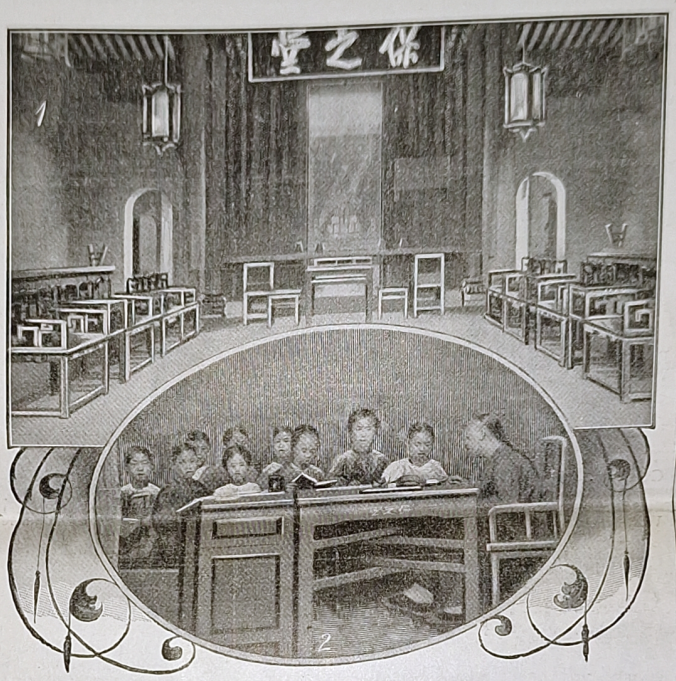
Education is stereotyped both in material and method. The mandarins, having risen to power and wealth by this system, are not likely to introduce innovations which would assuredly put an end to their *regime* by producing a better class of men to take their place. From an educationist's point of view, the method as well as the material in use in the Chinese school is sadly defective, and there is next to no hope of any reformation from within. The system develops the retentive faculties at the expense of the reflective and imaginative capacities. The school will have to be thoroughly revolutionized before there can be permanent peace in China.

The schools of the Berlin Missionary Society in the city and neighborhood of Canton have just issued their report for 1899–1900, which contains many interesting and encouraging features. These schools are divided into three classes—middle, station, and vernacular, and are distributed over the provinces of which Li Hung Chang has lately been viceroy. At the middle school in Luk Hang, besides religious instruction, the pupils are taught history, geography, arithmetic, physics, chemistry, natural history, and astronomy. This school has recently had the rare compliment paid to it of a visit from the mandarin. He expressed admiration for the work which was being done, and did the missionaries the honor of inviting them to visit his yamen.

The station schools are three in number and differ from the others in being boarding schools. These seminaries are primarily intended for the children of native Christians, though the children of non-Christians are heartily welcomed.

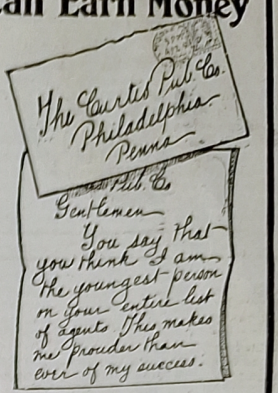
No less than 443 children have been enrolled during the year in the twenty-four vernacular schools, and nearly all of these were the children of non-Christians. These schools are conducted on modified and modernized Chinese lines, and it is interesting to learn that the ancient Socratic method is employed with conspicuous success in the best of these schools. There the Chinese schoolmaster teaches by questioning his pupils, criticizing their answers, and explaining the proper meaning of the question under consideration. Thus, after the lapse of 2,400 years, the system of Socrates, the founder of philosophy in Europe, is endorsed in the land of Confucius, the founder of philosophy in Asia, who lived about the same time, *i.e.* 500 B.C. REV. T. WRIGHT.

Seamen's Mission, Hong Kong.



1. A CHINESE SCHOOLROOM 2. CLASS OF PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES

How Young People Can Earn Money


The Curtis Pub. Co.
Philadelphia
Penna
Gentlemen
You say that you think I am the youngest person on your entire list of Agents. This makes me prouder than ever of my success.

Continuing, this Bright Schoolgirl in Middletown, Conn., writes:

"I do not know of any other little girl who has earned thirty-five dollars in so short a time and in such a pleasant way as I have, and I am quite sure that none of your older agents are more pleased with their success."

What this Schoolgirl did others can do

The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post will willingly co-operate with others who want to accomplish the same result. A very liberal commission will be paid upon each subscription and renewal secured, besides offering each an opportunity to share in $18,000, to be awarded on May 1, 1901.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

Over 300,000 Copies Purchased

CHURCH HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS

For Prayer and Evangelistic Meetings

Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Y. M. C. A. and the Sabbath Evening Church Service.

THE MOST DESIRABLE COMPILATION of favorite hymns and tunes, new and old, ever published. Price $25 per 100. Send 20c. for a sample copy.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

DOUBLE ENTRY BOOKKEEPING

I will teach you by mail thoroughly for $5.00, or otherwise refund the money. If you wish to know what I teach and how I teach, write for particulars.

HENRY VON DEYLEN,
314 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Welch's Grape Juice is just the pure Juice of fully matured Concord Grapes. Without a drop of water or a particle of alcohol, it furnishes the life of the Grape in a most convenient form for use. It is a nourishing food for sick people and well people. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet

THE PASSION PLAY and scenes in Ober-Ammergau 50 lantern slides and prepared lecture. Slides on every subject, including TISSOT'S LIFE OF CHRIST. "In His Steps," Sermons, Hymns and International S. S. Lessons. For sale or rent. Send for great bargain list, quick. Williams, Brown & Earle, Dept. S, Philadelphia.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS. UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

D. L. MOODY'S LIFE, WORDS and WORK (2560 PAGES)

TWENTY VOLUMES of his latest sermons, Bible Studies, Anecdotes, etc., carriage paid anywhere $2.00
Agents wanted. A. P. FITT, Supt., 250 LaSalle Ave., CHICAGO, or EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MAKE MONEY EVENINGS.

Men employed during the day can make money evenings giving public exhibitions with Magic Lantern or Stereopticon. Little capital needed. Write for particulars. 260-page Catalogue FREE. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE FRUITS
Of Coffee Drinking.

"The fruits or results, in my case, of coffee drinking, were sallow complexion, almost total loss of appetite, as well as sleeplessness and sluggish circulation.

"I was also very bilious and constipated most of the time for eight years, and became so nervous that I was unable to do any mental labor and was fast approaching a condition where there would have been no help for me.

"I am convinced that if I had continued using coffee much longer the result would have been a total mental and physical wreck.

"I sometimes think the all-wise providence looks after us in trouble; at any rate, when I was in despair a friend urged me to give up coffee entirely and use Postum, giving the reasons why. It was hard for me to believe that so common a beverage as coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I made the change, and from the first trial experienced a benefit and improvement, My complexion has improved, the nervousness gone, as well as the bilious trouble and sleeplessness, and I am completely relieved of sluggish circulation. In fact, I am well, and the return to health has been directly traced to leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I recommend Postum to all coffee wrecks without a single reservation."—James D. Kimball, Isabella Street, Northampton, Mass.

You Hear!
when you use
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
223 Trust Bldg., - Louisville, Ky.

Rheumatism

A lawyer in Chicago, Ill., writes:

"At intervals I have had very distressing attacks of this disorder. At the suggestion of a friend, my physician prescribed Tartarlithine. The recovery was rapid, and it is the only remedy I can find that does not interfere with my digestion."

Send for our Free Pamphlet, telling you how to treat Rheumatism.

Tartarlithine is sold by all druggists, or will be sent post-paid by mail.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
97 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTAR LITHINE CO.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, Books, Newspaper.
Card Press $5
LARGER, $18
Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c. to factory.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Washington Escapes Prison*

SCENE — Room in Washington's Headquarters (afterward the Jumel Mansion), Harlem Heights, September 17, 1776.

Enter Washington, and Generals Putnam and Greene.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen,
What punishment is due to him just
Detected in an effort to poison
The General-in-Chief?

GREENE and PUTNAM—(In unison). To poison you?

WASHINGTON—This very day I was to have been a victim.
Providence has preserved my life; for what
Ends I know not.

GREENE—The culprit has been captured?

WASHINGTON—Yes; one of my own guard!
And by me trusted—I may say, literally
Trusted—almost unto death.

PUTNAM—He should die at sunset—
And the whole army see the creature die!

WASHINGTON—His youth pleads against this punishment.
The enemy is the chief malefactor.
Why hang the deluded boy while the greater
Criminal survives? It is more humane
To send him out of camp to the care of
Those who used him.

PUTNAM—A merciful decree!

WASHINGTON—We shall be fortunate, if this
Be the last effort made to gain this end.
He who engages the savage will not
Hesitate at assassination!
I face it as among the chances of war!

GREENE—The foe will never learn the lesson, taught
In the generosity of this decision.

WASHINGTON—I fear he will not.
But the fault be his, not mine. In the realms
Of kindness I should not limp because he
Is lame.

The Surf Riders of Hawaii†

HOW long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke it was to find himself surrounded by a bevy of laughing damsels, profusely adorned with flowers and apparently enjoying themselves at his expense. They were a merry group, obviously from the better class of natives. One seemed superior to the rest and was the leader in their frolic. With well-rounded forms, clothed in the *pau*, the customary short skirt of the women of Hawaii, and some of them wearing bracelets on the wrists, they made a pretty picture as the youth gazed inquiringly into their faces and watched their graceful postures. Their hair was short above the forehead; long wavy locks fell over their shoulders, and there was a simplicity in their looks and actions which the life of high caste native women naturally produced. One or two might be the belles of the village. They were all of large frames, well proportioned. When they stood erect their figures had considerable style and beauty of outline. They were too large and plump for nymphs or fairies of civilized legends, but, judged by Hawaiian standards, were an attractive group. When then a few of the more timid made a movement towards the door the whole bevy rushed out, and Hookama, following, saw them fleeing to the beach.

A part seized their surf-boards, pushed them through the nearer breakers, and then, lying down upon them, rode back to the shore. These boards were made by stone axes from hard koa wood, slightly hollowed and polished, broad enough to carry the body and from six to eight feet in length. On these floats some even stood erect and balanced themselves as they were carried along by the smaller rollers. Their audacious struggles with the waves, their loud shouts when a big roller tumbled over them, and their comely shoulders rising from the sea, made the scene a lively one. The spray they tossed with their arms sparkled in the sunbeams, completing the beauty of the sight. A few of these water-sprites, more daring than the rest, swam out beyond the combing breakers and disported themselves in deeper water. Hookama, accustomed to the merry games of water nymphs at Waikiki, a village on one of the beaches of Oahu, needed no second impulse to run towards the group of mermaids and soon was among them battling with the breakers.

Father Taylor and Dickens*

CHARLES DICKENS thus vividly describes Father Taylor's way of *presenting the truth*:

The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers; but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved!"

He handled the text in all kinds of ways and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life, and was often remarkably good. He spoke of them of "that glorious man, Lord Nelson," and of Collingwood, and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burleigh—of taking his great quarto-Bible under his arm, and pacing up and down the pulpit with it, looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Such was Father Taylor in the Strangers' Sabbath Home in Boston, for such his church was. He preached to the homeless, but great minds of America and of other lands came to hear him. It was kindergarten preaching—it pictured truth, and made one feel that there was hope for all humanity, and that open and free was the way to the cross to wayfarers of all lands.

*From *Washington, or the Revolution*, by Col. Ethan Allen. An historical work, in blank verse, covering events from the Boston massacre to the inauguration of Washington as President. It gives a real personality to all the Revolutionary heroes. Twelve full page illustrations by Henry Kratzner. Pp. 500; price $2. Issued by the Library Americana, Room 403, Empire Building, 71 Broadway, New York City, to aid in establishing a University of the United States, an institution which originated with Washington and was one of his most cherished wishes. Colonel Allen has presented 2,000 copies of his drama to further the work for which Washington and his compatriots stood.

†From *Kelea, the Surf Rider*, a Romance of Pagan Hawaii, by Alex. Stevenson Twombly. The author has made the most of this virgin field, the story being laid in a time before the whites discovered and renamed the Sandwich Islands. A sight which has always aroused the wonder of travelers is the exhibition of skill and power in the water-sports of the natives especially the surf-riders. The author has made his heroine a descendant of many generations of surf-riders, a physically powerful, savagely passionate, but noble-minded young woman, inheriting all the skill of her ancestors. Pp. 402, illustrated, price $1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers.

*From *Jack's Carrier Pigeons*, a tale of the times of Father Taylor's Mariner's Home, by Hezekiah Butterworth. Father Taylor's influence through his kindness to birds is a well-known legend of the old North Square, Boston. Pp. 289, frontispiece. Price, $1.25. A. I. Bradley & Co., publishers.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.
Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges: they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap

Can't hurt the clothes, and doesn't hurt the hands. The top-notch of economical effectiveness. Does its work, does it well, the quickest and the easiest. There's the safety of certainty about it.

$4.50

$4.50 WOOL RAINCOAT
A REGULAR $10.00 WATERPROOF RAINCOAT OR MACKINTOSH FOR $4.50.
SEND NO MONEY if you live East of the Rocky Mountains, cut this ad out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast, taken over vest, under coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented, the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any waterproof coat you can buy at $10.00 to $15.00, pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $4.50** and express charges.
THIS MACKINTOSH is the latest 1901 style, easy fitting, made from one of the very finest, heavy weight, genuine Georgetown Imported Wool Covert Waterproof Mackintosh Cloth. **Comes in either dark brown, tan or black** (be sure to state color wanted); very latest style single breasted fly front as illustrated, **making TWO garments in ONE.** The best dressers wear this garment, both as a warm overcoat and as a raincoat. It is lined with a heavy, imported, waterproof woven lining, made with **sewed, strapped and cemented seams,** fancy velvet collar, sanitary arm holes. We guarantee it such a garment as you will find only in the most fashionable city stores, and there at $10.00 to $15.00. For free Cloth Samples of Our Men's Mackintoshes write for Sample Book No. 33K. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO. ILL.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL
Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. Result of 76 years' experience
STARK BROS, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.; Etc

A Forward Look*

A Motto for the Beginning of the First Year of the New Century

ENTERING on a new year, and that year the first of a new century, even the least impressionable of mortals must be conscious of a feeling of solemnity. It is true the division of years and centuries is arbitrary, and that there is no special sanctity about the moment when we pass from one year to another. A man might be excused for regarding his birthday, when he turns another annual leaf in the book of his life, as more impressive than the first day of January in any year. But we are members of society, parts of the great community, and, therefore, the day which, by the common consent of the civilized world, is accepted as the turning-point of a period, has a common interest, in which we share with our fellows. True, it does not correctly count from the birth of Christ, but it serves the purpose of perpetuating recognition of the Christian era, and, so far, is an evidence of the public sense of the supreme importance of that event. The number of the year is changed on letters and documents, in the ledger and the calendar, and so we feel ourselves to be in a new period of time. It is a beginning, and has in it potentialities of good and evil, fortune and misfortune, life and death. As Joshua told the Israelites when they were preparing to enter the Promised Land: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." So we go forward into this new period, solemnized by a sense of the mystery of new experiences, of unknown possibilities and of unfamiliar responsibilities. But we carry forward our own identity, and we have spent our past to little purpose, if we have not gained from it wisdom and experience to meet the duties of the future with improved equipment.

At such a time as this a new motto, as a rule of life, is welcome. *It is the fashion to ridicule New Year's resolutions, but no one who is in earnest about life* can take stock of his position without a desire to make the future better than the past. The resolution of the Apostle, which is associated with the topic, is a most excellent rule of life. It excludes pride and vanity, as well as useless regrets, and is an inspiration to energy and consecration. "Forgetting those things which are behind." Ah, how difficult that is! There are some things that in one sense we do not wish to forget. There are false steps, mistakes, grievous faults of our own, which are burned into the memory and serve a useful purpose in warning us against similar evils in the future. But they are to be forgotten in the sense of weight and depression. If they tend to unnerve us, if we are disposed to brood over them and waste our strength in vain lamentatation over the irretrievable, they become hindrances which cannot be too soon laid aside. The gaze should be forward, not backward. The attainments that we may make, not those already made, nor the failures that have occurred, ought to absorb our attention. We have not reached the goal, no one is already perfect, therefore the demand is for new and better effort. There is a mark toward which we should press, and the prize to those who reach it is well worth the winning. We can imagine the figure that was in the Apostle's mind when he described this rule of life. The racer in the Olympian games is absorbed in this one struggle. His clothing is cast aside; everything which could impede his progress is discarded; he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor behind him, to see what progress others are making; his eye is fixed on the goal and he is pressing toward the mark. He may have troubles, enmities, vexations, friendships, associations, as we all have, but they are all forgotten in this struggle. He is pressing on and is doing that one thing and that only.

What is the one thing before the Christian that Paul compares to the goal in the race? He wants to apprehend, or lay hold on, that for which Christ apprehended, or laid hold, on him. In other words, he wants to fulfil the purpose for which Christ called him. What is the purpose which Christ has in view in calling a Christian? It is worth while to give an hour to settle that question. Evidently the first purpose is to save him. That is to lift him out of the slime and sin and foulness of life and make him a new man. Anyone who has taken hold of a drunkard or a debauchee and tried to reform him knows what that means. He wants him to quit his wickedness and live a clean life. He tells him that he will be happier and better for doing so and may become a respectable citizen. But there are men who are not vicious or drunken, who have not attained the highest moral development of which they are capable. There are respectable sins, faults of thought and conduct which need to be overcome. The Christian must press on. Christ would save him from all evil. He is apprehended for that. The higher nature within him should rule absolutely and completely, and Christ would help him to this. In putting himself into Christ's hands, he has put himself on the lines of infinite development and there is nothing needed for him but to press forward toward the mark and Christ will help him at every step. Then he is apprehended, too, that he may help others. No man's personal salvation exhausts the purpose Christ had in view in saving him. The sweetness and purity of his life will, unconsciously to him, help others by the force of example and will recommend to the world the religion he professes; but there should also be conscious and intentional effort. He should seek out those who need to be saved and tell them the secret of power. There are few, even of the wickedest, who have not at times a longing for better things. To help them to attain their desire, would be to render a service to Christ and to them. By consecration and service it is possible to fulfil the purpose of Christ, to apprehend that for which we are apprehended, this is an aim worthy the new century.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 6. Phil. 3: 12-14.

YOUR LIFE-PLAN

CALL not yourself the sport of fate,
Nor curse the luck that kills;
There is no luck for him who prays
And does what wisdom wills.
Oh, long ago that law began,
A law forever true:
There's some life-plan for every man,
So there's a plan for you.

There is no height you may not reach—
No good to be denied,
If you but learn what truth will teach,
And go where truth will guide.
Grope not alone where darkness reigns,
No goalless path pursue;
God has a plan for every man,
And he has one for you.

There's never failure for the soul
Who consecrates his youth
To all that's worthy to control,
And grasps the arm of truth.
Then seek your highest destiny,
And clutch life's grandest clue;
Go forth, and true success shall be
In God's right plan for you.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Noonday Praying Circle

Mr. Alex. Palmer, secretary of the National Union Noonday Praying Circle, Wilmington, Del., writes: "The notices of our union in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have brought a very large number of letters. Our work is growing fast. Your kindness has helped us to plant bright spots through the grace of united prayer throughout the country. Some, hearing of the union through others, ask, 'What shall we do to become members?' If they will write to me at 1318 Sixth street, this city, for membership cards, I will gladly give any information desired."

A Rescue Worker's Letter

Dear Editor:—I am sure many rescue workers feel very thankful to you that you give so very much for so little money. I have enjoyed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD immensely because of its splendid reports of mission work the world over. Being a mission worker among erring girls, I am glad of your cooperation. I pray God's blessing on Dr. Talmage, Dr. Klopsch, and everybody connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CHARLTON EDHOLN,

San Francisco, Cal.

Bed Time
dinner time, any time is a good time to use
Cordova CANDLES
They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

THE GEM EMBROIDERY MACHINE
SOMETHING NEW.

☞ *An independent living made at home.*

This machine does finest embroidery on any fabric; uses wool, silk or cotton. As a special offer we send machine with full set of stamping patterns, sample of embroidery and full instructions together with book of embroidery designs for 60 cents prepaid—regular price $2.00. Agents wanted.
GEM MF'G CO., Dept. 302, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents Wanted!

To sell our silver handle Embroidery Needles. You are as sure to do well as the sun is to rise, if you follow our advice. Our claim of having the best article for agents is backed by $1,000 reward for anything better. Write for particulars.
WHALE ART CO., Dept. G, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Boys Who Make Money

A dainty little booklet telling how some 1800 bright boys have made a success of selling

The Saturday Evening Post

Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours. Interesting stories of real business tact.

$25.00 **Extra Prize** each month to the Boy selling the Largest Number of Copies during the month; $20.00 to the boy selling the next largest number; $15.00 to the next, and so on, making 50 cash prizes to the 50 different boys selling the POST. This is in addition to your regular profit made on every copy you sell.

We will furnish you with Ten Copies the first week Free of Charge, to be sold at 5c a copy; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

You can earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent.

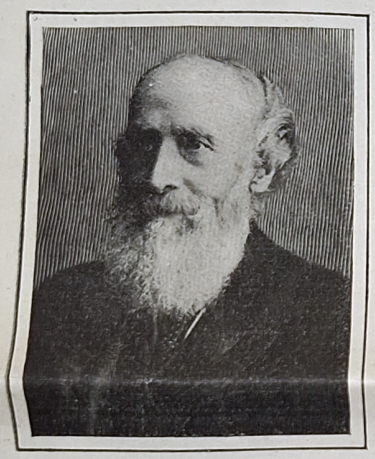
Address **The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia**

HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Conversion of SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

The founder of the Young Men's Christian Association

GEORGE WILLIAMS was born at Ashway Farmhouse, five miles from Dulverton, in Southern England, in the year 1821. His father was a prosperous farmer, but George Williams had a longing for a business life in the city. While he was in school one of his schoolmates was George Hitchcock, a young man who was destined to have much to do with his future work. In 1835, when in his fifteenth year, young Williams was apprenticed for six years by his father, to learn the business in a drapery establishment at Bridgewater. Up to this time there had been no marked religious impression made upon his heart. The family had been brought up in the Church of England, and had been accustomed to attend service in the parish church at Dulverton, but the young boy had never felt any personal impulse toward becoming a Christian. He was a thoughtless, active, capable young man, with a hasty temper and a warm heart.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

Fortunately for the young man, upon his first going away from home, he was thrown into close association with two or three fellow-apprentices who were earnest and sincere Christians. These youths exercised a very great influence upon George Williams. He was won to Christ, not by sermons, or public religious services, but through the example, consecration, and loving faith of these earnest young friends. In company with them he began to pray and seek God. And thus it was that, in 1836, in his sixteenth year, George Williams' life of devotion and Christian service began. If those young men had only known the work they did for God and humanity they would have been filled with awe at the privilege God had given them. We never know how much we are doing when we win an undeveloped boy or girl to Christ.

Strength in Secret Prayer

In the drapery house at Bridgewater there was a little, dark room, where the wrapping paper was kept, into which, after his conversion, young Williams used to slip off alone, and pour out his soul in prayer to God. Instead of spending his Sunday afternoons in pleasure, as formerly, when the spiritual light came he began to go to Sunday School, and soon afterwards became a teacher. Finding that the life among the apprentices and clerks of the store was very largely immoral, Williams and the Christian young men who had been the means of his conversion, decided to hold prayer-meetings in their bedrooms, and to invite the other young men. These meetings, which were devoted to prayer, singing, and short readings of Scripture, had a wonderful influence on the young men of the establishment. In a short time twenty-seven became Christians, among them one of the proprietors. The influence of the meetings led the young women to hold meetings of the same kind, and many of them also were converted.

In 1840, when his apprenticeship was ended, young Williams went to London, and was employed in the store of his old school friend, George Hitchcock. Here, under the shadow of St. Paul's mighty dome, where for generations the restless stream of human life has ebbed and flowed from Ludgate Hill to Cheapside, young Williams began his real career. In the Hitchcock establishment at that time eighty young men were employed, having their lodging in the upper apartments. London was then, as now, full of deadly temptations for youth. Liquor shops, the opportunities for gambling, and the temptation to vice were on every side. On the other hand, there was no place open where a young man might go and read, or study, or find cheap and healthful entertainment.

Christian Companionship

It was into this discouraging atmosphere that George Williams came, a sincere Christian, with his heart burning with love and zeal for his Lord, and a great purpose to do something for him. He worked during the day with his fellow-clerks, and at night slept in a small bedroom in one of the upper floors of the establishment. The loneliness, temptation and irreligion of his surroundings led him to pour out his heart in prayer that he might find some one among his associates, who would sympathize with him in his desire for Christian service. A young man of about twenty-four, J. Christopher Smith, was employed in the establishment. To his great joy, Williams found him to be a devoted Christian and a student of the Bible. Christopher Smith became George Williams' room-mate. The intimate relation and Christian fellowship of these two young men at once made themselves felt in their own courage, and in their usefulness in influencing others. It was an illustration of the truth of the Scripture which says that "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Through their efforts several young men in the store soon became Christians. Bedroom prayer meetings were established and led by Williams, generally in his own room, and soon after a Bible class was begun which was taught by Smith. A Missionary Society was founded among the clerks in the house, which raised every year a respectable sum of money for missions; also a literary society for mutual improvement. Meanwhile the young men in the house continued to seek Christ and were converted.

Winning Others to Christ

The new movement grew rapidly, and Williams decided to ask his old schoolmate, now his employer, Mr. George Hitchcock, for a larger room for the meetings. The latter was an energetic and successful business man, but had little or no interest in religion. Williams approached him with much hesitation; yet his heart was so full of his mission that his presentation of it went straight to the other man's heart. The room was granted, and Hitchcock himself was a little while after led to become a Christian. The conversion of George Hitchcock meant a great deal to George Williams' future work in the Young Men's Christian Association, for Hitchcock was a man of wealth and large business acquaintance, and gave the movement at the beginning a very important support.

Thus it was that the Young Men's Christian Association, which, like every other great movement that has blessed the world, was a growth—was born in that little room in Bridgewater, where those warm-hearted Christian apprentices led George Williams to Christ, in his sixteenth year. And it grew for nine years through the bedroom prayer-meetings, and the Bible class, and the literary society, until on June 6th, 1844, twelve young men, among whom George Williams was the leading spirit, founded the Young Men's Christian Association, which, like some giant banyan tree, has dropped its branches to the earth, and run its roots under the seas to come up in every land under the sun.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Rich, red blood naturally results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It clears out the system, gives it tone and renewed vigor. The whole body is invigorated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Dainty Refreshments

For the light refreshments tendered the casual caller, or the more elaborate preparations for the social function, you can serve no delicacy more suitable and pleasing than

RAMONA AND ATHENA Sugar Wafers

Served with fruit, ice cream, tea, lemonade or cake, they are equally enjoyable—a delightful dessert in themselves. Ramona has rich chocolate cream flavoring. Athena is delicately flavored with lemon.

Sold everywhere in sealed tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

van Houten's Cocoa

contains more digestible nourishment than the finest Beef-tea. For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, it is unequalled.

Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

Vapo-Cresolene

ACTS WHILE YOU SLEEP.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, Bronchitis.

The tests of 20 years prove that Cresolene exerts an extraordinary power over contagious disease, as *Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever*, etc. Protects those exposed. You inhale it. Breathe it right into your throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. It is of great value in the treatment of infants. Sold by all druggists.

Descriptive booklet free.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co. 180 Fulton St., N.Y.

BIG DRESS GOODS OFFER.

For $2.50 we furnish a Full Dress Pattern of seven yards of genuine Norton Fancy Black Mercerized Crepon Dress Goods, regular value, $5.00.

SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out (No. 14K) and send to us and we will send you a big full dress pattern of seven yards of this fine, new style dress goods by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than $5.00, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section, then pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $2.50 and express charges. The express charges will average from 25 to 50 cents.

If more than seven yards are wanted, 36 cents per yard extra.

THIS IS A GENUINE NORTON BLACK MERCERIZED CREPON dress goods, an elegant, strictly up-to-date fabric for suits or skirts, good weight for winter wear, a firm cloth we can guarantee for service, fancy raised crepon effect, goods that we have bought direct from one of the largest mills under a positive guarantee for quality.

OUR SPECIAL $2.50 PRICE for seven yards of this 40-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on the actual cost to produce, IS LESS THAN DEALERS CAN BUY IN 100-PIECE LOTS, is such value as was never before offered by any house. We make this heretofore unheard of offer of $2.50 for a full 7-yard dress pattern to advertise our Dress Goods Department, and get people everywhere to send for catalogue. WRITE FOR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE. ORDER TODAY! DON'T DELAY! WHEN THESE GOODS ARE GONE THEY NEVER AGAIN CAN BE OFFERED AT THE PRICE. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CARPETS. FREIGHT PREPAID

Our Lithographed Book shows all grades and 184 different colored plates of Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, Curtains, Portières, Draperies, Bed Spreads, etc., in their real colors, so that by looking at these colored plates you can decide exactly how a carpet will look on your floor or a drapery at your window. *We sew carpets free, prepay freight and furnish wadded lining without charge.* Why pay retail prices when you can buy from the mill? Carpets range from 29 cents to $1.17 per yard.

Catalogue is free. Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 218

GOLD METAL BON-BON BOX

Mirror in Hinged Cover. For Bon-Bons, Pins, Stamps, Rings, etc. *Not plated.* WILL NOT TARNISH. Introductory price, 25 Cts., stamps or silver. Money back if not satisfied. BEAUTY TOILET CO., P. O. Box 3812, Station D, Phila., Pa.

ELECTRIC HANDY WAGONS

excel in quality, strength, durability. Carry 4000 lbs. They are Low priced but not cheap. Electric Steel Wheels—straight or staggered oval spokes. Any height, any width of tire to fit any wagon. Catalogue FREE. ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., Box 186, Quincy, Ills.

"The more you say the less people remember." One word with you, SAPOLIO

THE EVE OF A NEW CENTURY

(See illustration on first page of this issue)

OUR Old Year faileth fast—the measured tolling
From yonder church, denotes departure near.
Pale lights are streaming thro' the snow-clogged casement,
The sexton in the little stone paved basement
Rings out the dying Year.

A winding sheet piles high in every corner,
As thickly falls the white continuous snow;
Each wall and hedgerow buries still more deeply,
On every sloping gable drifts curve steeply,
Winds come and go.

Good-by, Old Year, I shall not much deplore thee,
Thy days have held a mournful monotone;
And gladly will I hail the coming morrow,
And not a pang from out the past I'll borrow.
The future is mine own.

And yet, Old Year, I have no heart to blame thee,
Some joy hath touched the sorrow in thy hand,
So with a softened memory I'll name thee,
Teacher of austere lessons can I claim thee,
Things hard to understand.

One—two. How fast the Year is dying!
The people kneel as for a midnight prayer.
Without, the storm its close white shroud is wrapping,
And calls with quick, irregular, faint tapping,
On door and window there.

Eleven—twelve. The snow-hushed air above us,
Gives momentary pause—The Year is gone.
And now—the bells in solemn peal out-breaking,
Announce an unknown Century awaking
With veil undrawn.

Germantown, Pa. L. C. WOOD.

WHAT THE NEW CENTURY SHOULD DO FOR MANKIND

THE next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain an *eight-page supplement* devoted to a notable symposium answering the question: "What Should the Twentieth Century Do For Humanity?" The subject has been divided into its various phases, and recognized authorities on each topic have written their views especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The list of subjects and authors is as follows:

Mankind's Greatest Task, by Andrew Carnegie.

The Old Gospel In The New Century, by Francis E. Clark.

The Brotherhood of Man, by William Jennings Bryan.

Better Times for the Workingman, by Edwin Markham.

Woman's Opportunities, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake, Grace Greenwood, Harriett Prescott Spofford, Kate Tannatt Woods, and Belva Lockwood.

The Control of the Liquor Traffic, by William Wardwell, John G. Woolley, Dr. I. K. Funk, and A. W. Wagnalls.

A National Divorce Law, by Bishop Samuel J. Fallows, of Illinois, Frederick R. Coudert and Justice David McAdam.

Election of United States Senators by Popular Vote, by Senator Thurston of Nebraska.

The Hope of the Negro, by Booker T. Washington.

The Control of Trusts, by Edward Atkinson and Wheeler H. Peckham.

The Improvement of Cities, by John De Witt Warner and Randolph Guggenheimer.

Reforms in Popular Education, by President John H. Barrows, of Oberlin College, Dr. W. G. Ballantine and Matthew H. Buckham, President of the University of Vermont.

The Improvement of Language, by Will Carleton and Edward Payson Jackson.

Arbitration, Labor's Hope, by William Stainsby, Chief of the New Jersey Labor Bureau.

Provide for the Idle Millions, by Frederick De la Booth-Tucker.

America's Political and Commercial Future, by Spencer Trask.

Education of the Deaf and Dumb, by Dr. E. W. Gallaudet.

Future of Submarine Navigation, by Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., Chief Constructor.

Future of Electricity, by Carl Herring.

Will Kings Disappear? by Ethan Allen.

This will be the most important feature in the periodical press of the country in the first week in January. The brainiest men and women here discuss the great hopes of mankind in the next 100 years. Everybody should secure a copy for preservation—a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S first Twentieth Century Number.

A Missionary Victim of Cannibals

In the Solomon Islands, which were recently acquired—made British soil by treaty with Germany—still another Roman Catholic missionary has been made the subject of a cannibal feast. According to the report made by the commander of the British warship *Torch*, who has just visited all the islands of the group, hoisting the Queen's flag over each in turn, a Protestant missionary came very near sharing a fate like that of his Catholic brother. Both missionaries were stationed at Gaudal Candaur Island, where the *Torch* arrived just in time to save the Protestant. It seems that the death of the Catholic missionary aroused the savage instincts of the natives to such a pitch that they resolved to kill the Protestant, but found his house defended by twenty native converts with rifles. Though they dared not attack the force thus armed, the cannibals kept up the siege until, when found by the *Torch*, the missionary and his defenders were on the verge of starvation. After rescuing the Christians, the *Torch* burned the village.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Shine comes quick—looks best and lasts longest—always and is the best polish—never cakes on the stove.

ALSO IN PASTE FORM—"SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH."

PARKER'S Arctic Socks

Trade Mark Improved Registered.

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath, and sick room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers, or sent by mail. Parker pays postage. Catalog free.

pair 25c.

J. H. PARKER, Dept. K 108 Bedford St., Boston.

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS and EXTRACTS of the BLOSSOMS

Best Remedy Known for Cancer, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Constipation and all Blood Diseases. Not a patent medicine, but Pure Red Clover. Our preparations have a world-wide reputation. Send for circular. O. NEEDHAM'S SONS, 10 Inter Ocean Building, CHICAGO

A GOD-SEND TO ALL HUMANITY.

Remarkable Invention of an Ohioan that Promotes Health, Strength and Beauty to Every User, and Relieves without Drugs All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Blood and Kidney Troubles, Weakness, and the Most Obstinate Diseases, by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the System.

Ministers and Those Who Have Used It Declare It to Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced, Better than Any Treatment at Hot Springs, Sanitariums or Health Resorts.

A prominent business man of Cincinnati has invented a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman and child who has used it, and as many readers may not know of its real comfort and blessings, it is illustrated in this issue.

Recent investigation of this remarkable invention was so very satisfactory there is no hesitancy in indorsing the same as just what all readers need.

It is an air-tight inclosure, a rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for 3 cents each, all the marvelous cleansing, curative and

invigorating effects of the famous Turkish, Hot Vapor, Hot Air or Medicated Vapor Bath, with no possibility of taking cold afterwards, or in any way weakening the system.

Many well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell this Cabinet—such eminent men as Emerson McKay, Detroit, who has already sold over 700, and John C. Wright, Chicago, who sold 125 last month.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users, some of which, referring to

Rheumatism, La Grippe, Kidney Troubles,

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. W. L. Brown, Oxford, O., writes: "My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than $50 worth of drugs. It relieved my brother of neuralgia and sleeplessness, with which he had long suffered, and his wife of la grippe in one night." G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated with rheumatism and kidney troubles, when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use relieved me; I have never had a twinge since." Rev. George H. Hudson, Okemos, Mich, says: "I gave up my pastorate on account of nervous prostration and lung troubles; my editor so highly recommended your Cabinet, I tried it; from that day I have steadily grown better; am now well; nervousness gone; lungs strong; am a new man." Mr. Simon Tompkins, a retired capitalist of Columbus, O., 1031 Broad St., says: "I am satisfied it saved my life. I was taken down with a hard cold, which developed into a dangerous case of pneumonia. The first Bath relieved me and I quickly recovered. It is far superior to drugs for relieving la grippe, colds, inflammation and rheumatism." Hon. A. B. Strickland, of Bloomington, writes that the Cabinet did him more good than two years' doctoring, entirely rid him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted.

Hundreds of Ministers

write, praising this Cabinet. Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kan., says: "It is a blessing; made me full of life and vigor; should be in use in every family." Rev. J. C. Richardson, N. Fifth St., Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefitted by its use, and recommends it highly, as also does Prof. R. E. P. Kline, of Ottawa University, who says: I find it a great benefit. No Christian should be without it." Hon. V. C. Hay, St. Joe, Mo., writes: "Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded by friends to try this Cabinet, and it relieved me. I can not praise it enough." Rev. Baker Smith, D.D., Fairmount, N. J., says: Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pain, and as cleanliness is next to godliness, it merits high recommendation."

Congressman John J. Lentz, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide"; Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of clergymen, bankers, governors, physicians and influential people recommend it highly.

Physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, la grippe, fevers, smallpox, consumption, kidney trouble, Bright's disease, cancer—in fact, such

Marvelous Eliminative Power

has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

Eradicate Blood and Skin Diseases

this Cabinet has marvelous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood purifier known. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons, and assist nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

The Important Feature

of this Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands, drawing out all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion. The first bath makes you feel like a new being; 10 years younger.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing the most wonderful results; removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions; relieves Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, O., writes: "Since using this Cabinet my Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has never returned. Worth $1000 to me. I have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Every one was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills." Whatever

Will Hasten Perspiration

every one knows is beneficial, but other methods are crude and insignificant, when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of this Cabinet, known as the new 1903 style

Quaker Folding Thermal

Bath Cabinet. We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide, as shown in cut. When closed it is air-tight; handsomely made of best, most durable, water-proof goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bathroom within itself. It has top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements.

The makers furnish an excellent stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions. It folds flat in 1 inch space, when not in use; easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

People don't need bathrooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room, and bath tubs have been discarded since this invention, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick room its advantages are at once apparent.

After investigation it can be said the Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

Makers Guarantee Results

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that this Cabinet will relieve nervous troubles, Debility, Purify the Blood, Beautify the Skin and Relieve Rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Relieves the most obstinate cases of La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Headaches, Obesity, Gout, Sciatica, Eczema, Scrofula, Dropsy, Blood and Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney Troubles. It will

Relieve the Worst Cold

with one bath, breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. Gives the most

Cleansing and Refreshing Bath

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value is its marvelous power to draw out of the system all impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is truly a God-send to all humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE.

All readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease, or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and cleansing properties.

Write the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 2482 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send their valuable illustrated Book FREE, describing this invention and their remarkable Baths. The price of the Cabinet is wonderfully low, only $5.00, complete, with heater, directions and formulas. Head attachment, if desired, $1.00 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that offers so much health, strength and vigor.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and agree to refund your money after 30 days' use if not just as represented.

We are perfectly reliable and responsible; capital, $100,000.00, and do exactly as we agree.

The Cabinet is just as represented, and will be shipped promptly. You can remit safely by express, P. O. money order, bank draft, or certified check.

Don't fail to send for booklet, anyway.

$150 a Month and Expenses.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller. More than 20,000 were sold last month by agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and many are making from $100 to $150 every month, and expenses. Don't fail to write them.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious.

The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package.

TRADE-MARK.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,
Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

The River of Life

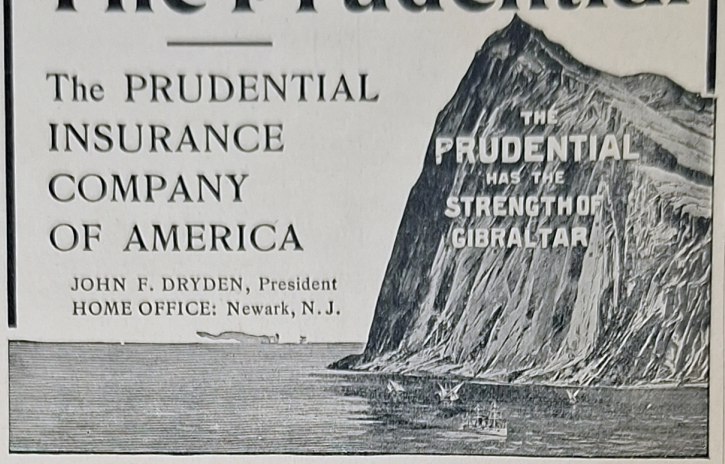
is rising—the longer you wait the harder it will be to cross. The longer you wait the harder to secure Life Insurance.

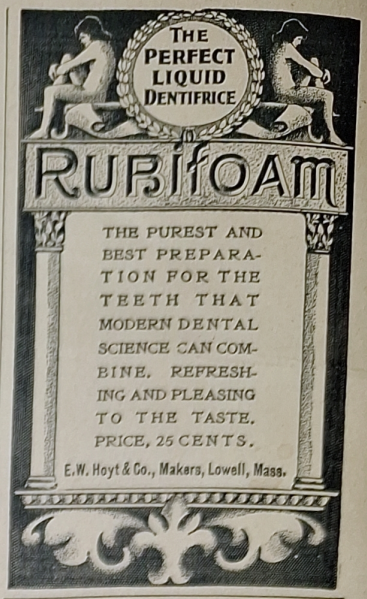
The time to Insure is NOW

The Prudential

The PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.




THE PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE
RUBIFOAM
THE PUREST AND BEST PREPARATION FOR THE TEETH THAT MODERN DENTAL SCIENCE CAN COMBINE. REFRESHING AND PLEASING TO THE TASTE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
E.W. Hoyt & Co., Makers, Lowell, Mass.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

now prepared by an improved process which is the result of years of scientific investigation, may be confidently relied upon as being of

Absolute Purity and Free From Disagreeable Taste and Odor.

MOLLER'S OIL always gives satisfactory results because of its perfect digestibility and the fact that it may be taken continuously without causing gastric disturbance.

In flat, oval bottles only, dated. See that our name appears on bottle as agents. Explanatory pamphlets mailed *free*.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

KNOX'S GELATINE

I CHALLENGE competition on these statements: KNOX'S GELATINE is the pure **calves' stock** gelatine. It is transparent. It is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar.

I will mail you FREE

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a 2-cent stamp.

For 5c. in stamps (to cover postage and packing), the book and full pint sample.

For 15c. the book and full 2-quart package (two for 25c.). Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

Beware of Imitations of similar name.

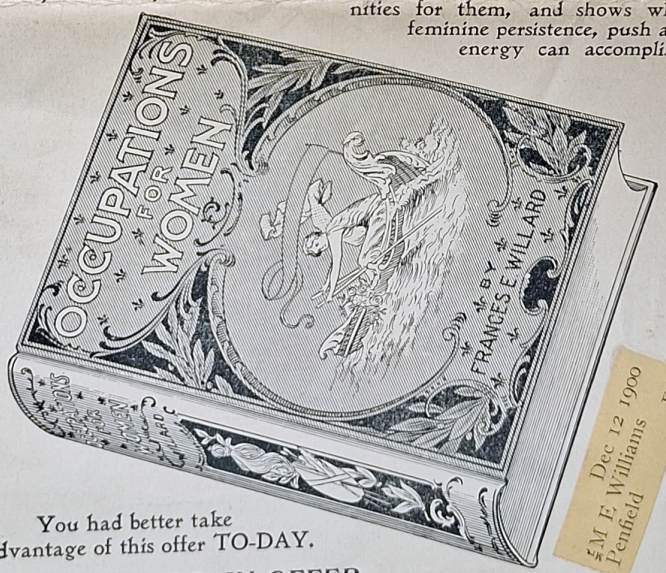
AS. B. KNOX, 55 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

...FRANCES E. WILLARD'S...

"Occupations for Women"

The latest and greatest work from the pen of the woman who did more to elevate her sex than any woman that ever lived.

This exceedingly practical volume shows the tremendous strides already made by women, points out many new fields and opportunities for them, and shows what feminine persistence, push and energy can accomplish.



You had better take advantage of this offer TO-DAY.

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER

By the purchase of the entire stock of the above book, "**Occupations for Women,**" we are enabled to put this wonderful book within the reach of every woman reader of this paper. It contains **500** royal quarto pages, elegantly printed on fine toned paper with **100** illustrations. Size, 7 x 9 in. when closed, and is Bound in Cloth, Illuminated Cover.

Regular Price, = = = $3.75

Special Bargain Price, $1.00

Remember... this special price pays all express charges and delivers this magnificent book weighing 3 lbs., 4½ ounces, size when closed 7 x 9 inches, **absolutely free of expense.** If the stock is exhausted when your order is received, we will return the money at once. and as we only have sufficient copies to supply a small percentage of the subscribers of "The Christian Herald," we trust you will be fortunate enough to avail yourself of this exceptional offer. **Send money by P.O. money order or registered letter.** Write name and address plainly, giving nearest express office.

P. B. BROMFIELD & CO., Bible House, New York City

Dec 12 1900 Penfield Pa
FM F Williams

Spencerian Steel Pens.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BRAND

Established nearly **50** years ago.
Improved patterns for every style of writing.
Sample box **15** pens by mail **10** cents.
Ask for 25 assorted pens in box.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

WILL CARLETON'S MAGAZINE
"EVERY WHERE"

All have heard of WILL CARLETON, author of "Farm Ballards," "City Legends," etc., etc. His Magazine contains latest poems, sketches and stories. **Margaret E. Sangster** and **Fanny Crosby** contribute to every number. Best of additional literature.

50 Cents a year SPECIAL OFFER 4 Mos. for 10c.

If you mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Address, **EVERY WHERE PUB. CO.**, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Church Furnishings

Pulpits, Pulpit Chairs, Communion Tables, Seating, etc. Send for catalogue.

G. W. PERKINS, Mgr., **Grand Rapids School Furniture Works,** Eastern Office, 814 Constable Bldg., New York. Western Office, Corner Wabash Avenue and Washington St., Chicago.

PENFIELD PA

SAVE ½ your FUEL now wasted up chimney BY USING THE ROCHESTER RADIATOR.

COST $2.00 AND UP.

Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet on economy in heating homes.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.,
15 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

SENT ON TRIAL

We will send our **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE** to be tried in your own woods, without you paying a cent of money in advance. Saws 9 cords of wood in 10 hours. Makes boy's play out of a man's work. Over 176,000 in use. Our 1901 model machine is faster and easier than ever. First order secures agency. Send at once for trial terms and large illustrated catalogue, testimonials, &c.

FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO.,
55-57-59 No. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ills.

HENS LAY BEST

—in fact they lay double the eggs winter and summer when fed **Green Cut Bone.**

Mann's New Bone Cutters

cut all hard and soft bones, meat, gristle, &c., fine, fast and without choking and run easy. Clover cut with our **Clover Cutters** helps wonderfully. Mann's Granite Crystal Grit and Feed Trays too. Catalogue FREE.

F. W. MANN CO., Box 29, Milford, Mass.